THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded A° D° 1728 by Benjamin Franklin

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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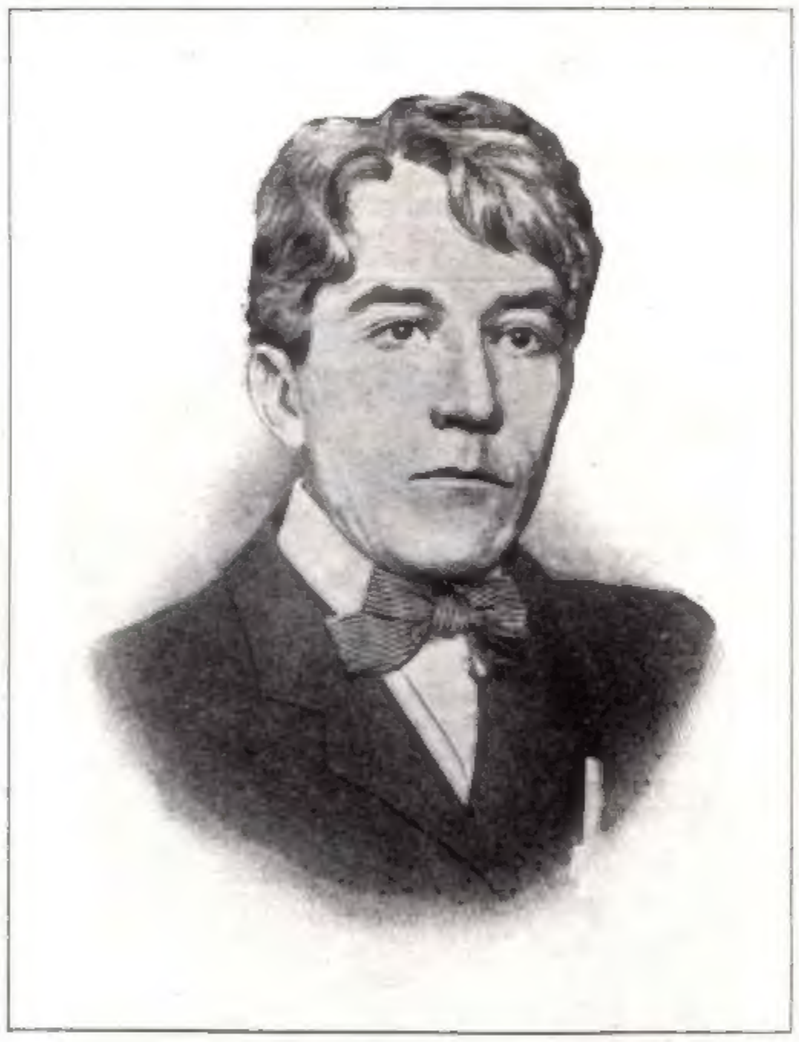
Kenesaw Mountain Landis

AND HIS ALTITUDINOUS FINE

By WILLIAM HARD



WHEN the Standard Oil Company was mulcted a thirty-million-dollar fine at the hands of Judge Landis in the United States District Court at Chicago, its sensibilities may have been wounded in more ways than one. It may have suffered fully as much from a feeling of cruel personal disappointment in Judge Landis as from a "gone feeling" in its pocketbook. Some of its sharpest pangs may have arisen, not from a conviction for rebating, but from a conviction that, in defiance of all the laws of hospitality, it was being maltreated in the house of its own friends.

For who was Judge Landis? Was he a man of whom such things might have been expected? Was he a radical, a flannel-mouth, a Populist, a Bryanesque near-Populist, a Socialist, a Hearst-while near-Socialist or anything of that kind? Was he a "Friend of the People"? On the contrary, the best-known fact about him in local politics was that he was a friend of Colonel Frank C. Lowden, which is a very different thing.

Colonel Lowden is a charming, and an honorable, man. But his personal proclivities do not run in the direction of making life unhappy for corporations. Not at all. And Judge Landis, before he became a judge, managed Colonel Lowden's campaign for Governor of Illinois.

And more than that. The recommendations which went to Washington from Chicago in favor of the appointment of Judge Landis to the Federal bench were started on their way largely by men who look upon trust-busting as an extremely low form of amusement, somewhat less spectacular than bull-fighting and somewhat more vulgar.

And more even than that. Judge Landis, when he was practicing at the bar, was quite successful. He was a good lawyer. He was a corporation lawyer. He was an attorney for the Chicago and Eastern Illinois. He was an attorney for the Calumet Electric Railway Company. He was an attorney for the Grand Trunk Railroad. If there was a corporation lawyer anywhere in Chicago it was Mr. Landis.

With such traditions behind him, something better might have been expected of him.

But the Standard Oil Company is not the only corporation whose confidence in human nature is being rudely shaken by events in the United States District Court for the Northern District of Illinois.

Judge Landis became a judge two years ago. Since that time the Chicago and Alton Railway, the Furniture Trust, the Allis-Chalmers Company and Street's Western Stable Car Line, among others, have had good cause to doubt the expediency of appointing corporation lawyers to the bench.

Judge Landis fined the Alton forty thousand dollars, and also fined two of its prominent officials ten thousand dollars apiece for giving rebates to the big packing firm of Schwartzchild & Sulzberger. He fined the Furniture Trust forty-three thousand dollars and entered a decree for its dissolution.

He gave the limit fine of four thousand dollars to the big Allis-Chalmers Company for importing foreign laborers under contract. Mr. James H. Eckels was one of the powers in the Allis-Chalmers Company. Mr. Eckels was also president of the Commercial National Bank. Mr. Eckels was also a representative of many other large financial interests. And, finally, Mr. Eckels was a brother-in-law of Judge Landis' wife. By marriage, just as by occupation, Judge Landis, before becoming a judge, had related himself to corporations. But the Allis-Chalmers Company came before Judge Landis not for being a relative but for being a violator of Federal laws. That made a difference. As a relative Judge Landis would have done anything for it that he could. But as a judge he fined it everything possible.

Tongue-tied Witnesses Made to Speak

IN THE Street's Western Stable Car Line case Mr. Reichmann, the vice-president of the line, had refused to answer a question put to him by the Interstate Commerce Commission. The rebates he was accused of giving were indirect and circuitous. They were so indirect and so circuitous that Mr. Reichmann claimed they were not rebates. Judge Landis held, however, that inasmuch as they finally arrived in the pocketbook of the shipper their route in approaching that destination might be disregarded. Mr. Reichmann was directed to give the Interstate Commerce Commission an answer, and the language used by the Court was such as to saturate Mr. Reichmann with the idea that hereafter, in all matters connected even remotely with rebates, he would do well always to speak when he was spoken to.

All these corporations, from the Oil Trust down to the Furniture Trust, would like to know what Judge Landis has got against them. As a matter of fact, he hasn't got anything against them. He is simply being a judge. He is simply applying the Constitution and the statutes impartially, though with great zeal, to any back that is bared before him. When he was a corporation lawyer he was a corporation lawyer. Now that he is a judge he is a judge. That is all.

They say that when he became a judge he happened to run across some of his corporation friends. They congratulated him. He thanked them for their expressions of good will, but he also spoke a few additional words that were in the nature of a pathetic farewell. He had worked with them. Well and good. It had been very pleasant. But now he was a judge. Things had changed. He hoped they would still continue to be friends. But he no longer had any clients. He was now a judge. It was all very sad. And it has turned out to be even sadder than was anticipated.

There was a bishop once in Chicago who used to talk about the "loneliness of the episcopate." A bishop had impartial duties to perform and he could have no friends. Judge Landis will be able to talk about the "loneliness of the judiciary" before long.

Nevertheless, Judge Landis is not an anti-corporation judge. He is not hostile to corporations any more than he is friendly to them. If the law had been in favor of the Standard Oil Company it would have been acquitted. The law happened to be against it and it was convicted. Judge Landis' opinions, when he is on the bench, are those of the Constitutional Convention of 1787, plus the fifteen amendments to the Constitution since adopted, plus all the unrepealed acts of Congress down to the adjournment of the last session. These, and no more. He is a judge.

And how he does enjoy being a judge! Nobody in the United States, not even Theodore Roosevelt, enjoys his job more thoroughly.

When Judge Landis is established in his official chair on his official dais in the Federal Building in Chicago, he is one of the most official sights in the world.

Small in Stature, Thinner than Voltaire, But——

ALMOST any Federal court is impressive. Federal judges have long since learned how to hedge themselves about with a dignity more than royal. In almost every Federal court there is an atmosphere of latent, irresistible power calculated to shake the nerves.

It is curious that it should be so. Personally, Judge Landis looks as if he weighed not much more than a hundred pounds. It is due to something transcending the physical that officially he looks as if he might weigh in the neighborhood of a ton.

His personal unofficial stature is about five feet six inches. He is meagre to the point of emaciation. Nobody since Voltaire has been so thin. But the current of vitality that courses through his frame is marvelously intense. He never sleeps on the bench and nobody ever sleeps in his courtroom. He snaps and sparkles every moment. He is what is known outside of Federal courtrooms as a live wire. And the voltage of the current that runs through him seems to be proportioned inversely to his cross-section. He is as vivid as he is frail.

He has on his head a mass of black hairs intertwined with an additional mass of hairs that are perfectly white. These two masses, each of them sufficient for anybody else's needs, form an immense shock which is parted on the right side. The larger of the two sections formed by this division falls down in a swoop over his forehead and twirls back upward from a line drawn just above his eyes. The amplitude of his hair has always been characteristic of him, and the grayness of it began a long while since, although even to-day he is only forty-one years old.

His eyes are of a curious color which may, perhaps, be best described as an agate-brown. His complexion is a dead brown. He would be still browner if he had more blood to accentuate the pigment of his skin. As things are, he looks rather pale. His nose is long and his lips are firm-set.

He has two distinct habits when he is hearing a case. In the first place, he drinks water incessantly from a glass which he is always refilling from a pitcher which is always being replenished by an attendant. In the second place, he takes his little black-corded eyeglasses off his nose, waves them in his hand, turns his head to one side, looks at

the courtroom out of the corner of his eye, leans over his desk and begins to ask questions. The traditions of the Federal bench are far from suffering diminution in the person of Judge Landis. Physically, he would afford a poor mark for a squirrel-hunter, but officially it is impossible to aim at Northern Illinois and miss him.

Nevertheless, when he is off the bench, there is no man more unofficial. He appears in the door of his chambers, a little brown wheat-stalk of a man, and advances across the room eagerly to meet the people who are waiting to see him. He likes people. He likes to talk to them. He is familiar with them, though they are never familiar with him. Back in Logansport, Indiana, he talked to everybody and inquired about everybody's health until, even as a young man, he was generally known as "Squire." To-day, in his chambers, he is exactly what he used to be in Logansport.

He has a curious habit of holding hands. He will hold a man's hand all the way through the conversation. "Mighty glad to see you. Yes, indeed. Used to know your brother twenty years ago. Oh! Can't do it. Certainly not. Surprised you should ask me to do it. No judge should do a thing like that. No man who knew what he was asking would ask it. Good-by. Mighty glad to have seen you."

Tempered Justice for Petty Offenders

DURING all of this he has held the man's hand grasped tightly in his own. And he has been especially affectionate when he was telling him that he had made an improper request. The man takes his leave with a respect for the judge who refused his request and a liking for the man who held his hand.

Judge Landis' democratic temperament is particularly in evidence when he is hearing criminal cases. He is exceptional among Federal judges in that he applies to petty criminals the same method of procedure that is applied to juvenile delinquents by Judge Lindsey, of Denver, and by Judge Mack, of Chicago.

"I am sending you to the penitentiary," says Judge Landis to a post-office clerk who has opened letters and stolen their contents. "You have betrayed your trust. You have stolen a hundred dollars. You were getting eighty dollars a month. You have a wife and four children. You ought to have remembered them. But, when you get out of the penitentiary, you come to me. I will get you a job. I will help you to start again."

And Judge Landis does get him a job and does help him to start again. Among his most valued possessions are the letters he receives from men who have slipped and fallen, but who are climbing back into reputability through the assistance he has given them. He regards a judge not only as a man whose duty it is to punish wrongdoers, but also as a man whose privilege it is to give wrongdoers an opportunity and a possibility of doing right.

He once tried a post-office employee who furnished his own horse and buggy for the carrying of the mails and who drove that horse and buggy all day, and who, at the end of the month, got twenty-five dollars. This man had opened a letter and had rifled it. Judge Landis made inquiries about his salary, and then said: "The real criminal in this case, Mr. District Attorney, is the United States Government."

Judge Landis knows human beings and he has a remarkable felicity in picking out people to trust. He once sentenced a man to imprisonment and then gave him two months to go out and earn something for his wife and children before serving his term. The man got a job, earned eight weeks' salary, handed it over to his wife, and then reported for incarceration.

"I'll let you go," says Judge Landis to some other poverty-stricken, family-supporting wretch—"I'll let you go. The case against you is not very clear. But you have an engagement with me at ten o'clock on the tenth of next November and you have another engagement with me at ten o'clock on the tenth of next January. Mind you keep them."

And the man does keep them. Judge Landis is his own probation officer and he paroles his criminals to himself. He looks after them. He follows their subsequent careers with personal interest and with personal assistance. He has a deep, instinctive sympathy for the man who sees his wife and children suffering and who commits a minor misdemeanor in order to help them. He does not allow this man to evade the law. He gives him the punishment that the law prescribes. But he sees to it that he gets not only punishment but help, such help as will make future punishment unnecessary.

Part of Judge Landis' humanity in cases of this kind is perhaps to be attributed to the variety of his own personal experiences. He has done all sorts of things and seen all sorts of people.

He came from Ohio to Indiana when he was nine years old. His father had been a military surgeon in the Civil War and had been struck by a spent twelve-pound cannon-ball at the battle of Kenesaw Mountain, in Georgia, in 1864. From this incident the Judge, born two years later, in 1866, derives his name.

From the age of ten to the age of fourteen, in Logansport, Indiana, Kenesaw Mountain Landis was a newsboy. Then he was a grocery clerk. Then he was a railway-yard clerk at Indianapolis. Then he was a stenographer. Then he was an official reporter for the Lake County Circuit Court at Crown Point. Then he was a clerk in the office of the Secretary of State of Indiana. And then he was admitted to the Indiana bar.

Having been admitted to the bar, Mr. Landis came to Chicago to study law. He was graduated from the Union College of Law, but he soon left Chicago in order to go to Washington. From 1893 to 1895 he was private secretary to Walter Q. Gresham, Mr. Gresham then being Secretary of State for Grover Cleveland. When Mr. Gresham died Mr. Landis came back to Chicago.

Twelve years have elapsed since that time. For ten of those years Mr. Landis was a corporation lawyer. For two of them he has been a Federal judge. Shortly after his appointment one of his corporation friends wandered into his courtroom wearing an overcoat. "I suppose," he said, "that I oughtn't to wear an overcoat in your presence."

"You wait till I get my court running," said Judge Landis jokingly, "and I'll make you take off your shoes." Figuratively speaking, this demonstration of respect has already been offered to Judge Landis by the representatives of a large number of officially and conventionally "arrogant" corporations.

A Bad Man to Try to Bully

IF THE attorneys of the Standard Oil Company had studied Judge Landis' character more carefully they wouldn't have tried to intimidate him by talking about the actions of his court in the same sentence with "the gossip of the street" and "the charges of the mob." The little brown brother from Indiana was not bowled over by these phrases. They hit him, but the only sign of their having hit him was that they rebounded into the courtroom with redoubled momentum. They came home to roost. Judge Landis said that he "waived" the "studied insolence" of counsel, but, nevertheless, he took occasion to remark that the man who violates the anti-rebate provisions of the Interstate Commerce Law "wounds society more deeply than does he who counterfeits coins or steals letters from the mail." This method of "waiving" the "studied insolence" of counsel does not encourage "studied insolence."

When the career of Judge Landis as a corporation lawyer is compared with his career as a judge, one is reminded of the famous and pathetic story of Thomas à Becket and King Henry the Second as related in all histories of England. Thomas à Becket, being Chancellor of England, in the service of Henry the Second, was regarded by him as an admirable official. He therefore determined to make him Archbishop of Canterbury. The Church was troublesome, just as nowadays the law is occasionally troublesome, and Henry thought that a good royal official like Thomas à Becket would make an admirable interpreter of the laws of the church in all matters connected with the Crown. But no sooner had Thomas à Becket been appointed Archbishop of Canterbury than he showed himself just as good a churchman as he had previously been a royalist. In the space of about a year he became the most famous stickler for ecclesiastical prerogatives that England had up to that time or has since produced. The royalist Thomas à Becket became the staunchest and most aggressive churchman in English history. The king was deeply pained. And there are also some pained corporations in the Middle West to-day.

THE RUSSET DAYS

By LOUISE M. PALEY

I

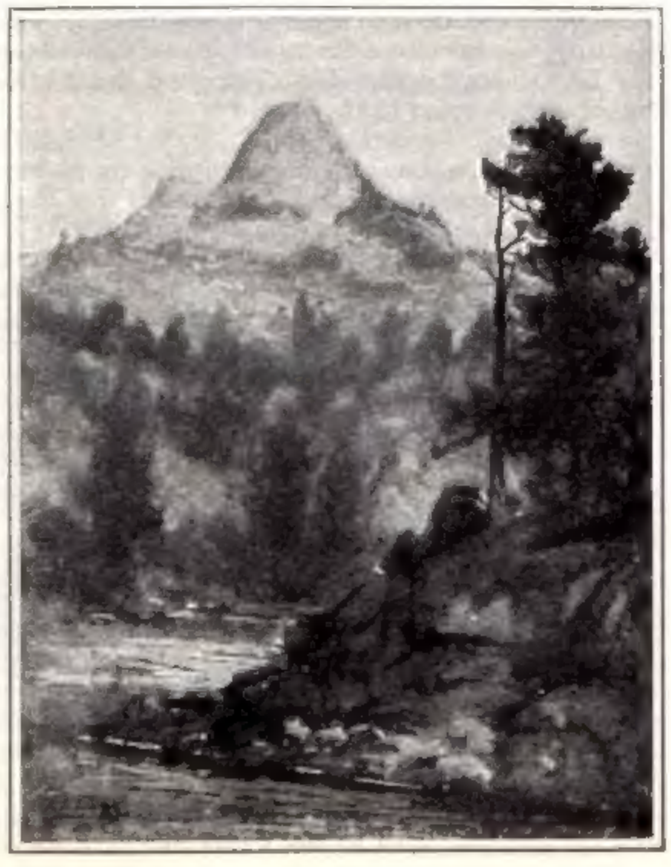
Autumn is in the mountains! The plains are sere and yellow,
The foothills flaunt their red and gold, the peaks their white and blue;
And Indian summer's stealing up the quiet, shaded cañons
To wear her gayest colors—now that summer wears the rue.

II

All along the riverside she's trailed her skirts of russet;
She's touched the shrinking aspen-trees and set them all aglow,
And her soft and tender presence has cradled into dreamland
The snowy peaks and open plains where Western breezes blow.

III

To linger there in autumn with the silence sweet and golden!
To listen to the river and to watch its rippling play!
Ah! that were health and plenty and all that is worth while here,
But—Life has other things to do and Eden's far away.



BROWNE, OF BOSTON

How He Turned the Trick with the Turbine

By EDWARD HUNGERFORD

"That Corliss Won't Ever Stand an Overload Strain"

WINTHROP Emerson Browne, of Boston, out of a job, made a strike for one from Consolidated Traction.

He sat in the anteroom of James Connaughton's offices for ten days, waiting for the ear of Consolidated's General Manager. There was a private secretary to the G. M., whom Browne came to hate worse than poison, who seemed to take a fiendish delight in making a man, out of work and nearly out of funds, kick his heels on a bench between a line of committees asking favors of the big road, cheap politicians who wanted easy jobs for their relatives, and unshaven men with great ideas and little cash. But his hour did come, and he went into Jim Connaughton's great private office fearlessly, a personal letter from his mother to the General Manager crunched tightly between his fingers.

Connaughton was in seventeen different kinds of temper. Two machines in Beverly Docks, his biggest generating-station, had gone out at dawn, left his road stranded during its morning rush hours, and a public feeling, always against it, brought to a new state of indignation. Every time a machine went out a high-priced man went out soon after. This time two were burned, not enough juice coming from them to run an electric fan, and Jim Connaughton could only figure out one head that he could spare for the executioner at just this time.

Ralston must go. Beverly Docks was always falling down, and Kingsley, who was Ralston's assistant, could have a try at the big power-station. He could move Robertson from Bloomfield Street into Kingsley's old job, and, if he had only hold of another engineer who could tell an electric plant from any other sort of vegetation, he'd fire Robertson on general principles. These kid electricians were a bad lot. They always knew a whole lot that Connaughton didn't know, and that was hardly fair, after a man had been self-made and had pulled himself up by his own bootstraps into a $1000-a-month job. He turned upon the newcomer in his office fiercely.

"What kin I do for ye this lovely mornin'?" he asked with a tinge of sarcasm.

Young Browne shoved his letter toward the G. M. and said:

"I'm Browne—Browne, of Boston."

"Boston it is, and God's own country that city is." Old Connaughton was Boston Irish. He glanced rapidly over the letter. "I remember your mother well, and I dare say you're a good sort, if ye've got her style." His tone hardened. "You're out of work? Well, Winthrop, ye've come to the right place. Consolidated's a clearing-house for the jobless. We're a regular employment agency at all times of the year for nice jobs with high pay and little work. What can you do?"

"Anything."

"I begun with the Consolidated driving a bobtail through Baker Street."

"And you'd like to start me in on a car platform? I'm game."

"No, that's not necessary these days, Winthrop. Consolidated's buyin' education at high prices. We might make you a power superintendent."

"Electricity's my line."

"Electricity's the very heart of this road. The Superintendent of Power has got to know more than the President and the General Manager together to hold his job; and I've known the day when about all they asked of a Superintendent of Power on this line was that he could buy oats, be an artist with the currycomb, use horse liniment on the motors to cure 'em of the glanders an'—what do you know about power-stations, boy?"

"Sheff, '94; three years in the tupenny tube, and I've been off in the wilds of Germany studying turbine engines."

"Turbine engines? What's them?"

"You'll know in ten years, Mr. Connaughton. They're the steam power of the future, almost the steam power of the present. One of them is just like a steamer's screw, only with about one hundred and fifty blades, so close together that you could hardly put your finger between them. You put this big windmill arrangement in a tight-fitting case, turn on your steam and there's your engine; no waste movement there."

Jim Connaughton smiled indulgently at Browne.

"I always did like enthusiasm in a young man," said he. "It's an asset. An', while I ain't so apt to think that we're going to scrap our big Corlisses in an instant, still I'm old enough in this business to realize that, when a man's too old to come to new ideas, he's too old to run Consolidated. I might be interested in them—them—what did you call 'em, Winthrop?"

"Turbines," said Browne.

After that their talk was short and concerned itself with details, what was expected of Browne and just what Browne might expect of Consolidated. Browne could start in at Bloomfield Street as a sort of general assistant to Robertson, and, if he made good, he could have Robertson's job, who would be fired in order to make the men and the engines who go out keep a balance. Browne was not told all these details. The G. M. told him to hustle down to Bloomfield Street, keep his eyes open, work like a mule, and there would be a fair chance of his keeping his job six months. Bloomfield Street was not so bad, after all. Beverly Docks with a row of generators could chew out 14,000 horse-power, but Bloomfield Street, which was Consolidated's only other power-station, had two giant Corliss generators that were rated at 2500 horse-power each, and frequently ran 3000 horse-power on a pinch.

Browne made good in the big brick station. Robertson was fired on schedule in sixty days' time, and the young man from Boston realized that he was in command. Bloomfield Street was not all that he might desire. Each of his predecessors, in vain hope of holding permanently to his job and getting close to Jim Connaughton's good side, had worked the life out of its two big Corliss units. Browne began wondering when one of the twins would play tricky with him and throw his job out of the window into the river. Then he made a resolve that he would get ahead of the worn-out machinery, and he built himself a drafting-table in a corner of his office back of the switchboard, bought some materials at his own expense, and, night after night, for nearly a month, while the twins were on their good behavior, he busied himself, thrown across his drafting-table. When he was done he sought Jim Connaughton, a roll of half-dirty tracings in hand, and this was about what he said to the G. M.:

"Those two Corlisses I have down there in the old station are as bad as you said, and a good deal worse. I don't propose to have either of them go out, and get fired myself, Mr. Connaughton, if I can help it. I think you had better fire that Number Two machine. She's getting worse every day, and some day she is going out—going so far out that we'll never get a bit of the juice out of her again."

"What do you propose to do, Winthrop?" asked the General Manager.

"I've drawn a turbine, and there are one or two places in this country already where they can build them for us. We'll start on a baby in the first place, a 5000 horse-power affair."

"See here, Winthrop, we haven't a unit at Beverly Docks that does more than 3500."

"Oh, I'm going to make Beverly Docks a sort of second fiddle to Bloomfield Street," assuredly laughed back the superintendent of that plant, "in spite of all the dude fixings they've got down there now."

Connaughton was not convinced, but he took the tracings and said that he'd refer them to Kelsey, who was the mechanical expert of Consolidated. Young Browne thought old Kelsey a fossil, and he anticipated the verdict that would be forthcoming from that referendum. The verdict was slow in coming and Browne, finally, had to hurry it. Then Kelsey sent the sheaf of plans back to Connaughton marked "N. G.," and, by way of further comment, added something about Browne's design for a turbine generator looking like a sewing-machine.

"You see what the old man says about it," said the General Manager to his superintendent from Bloomfield Street.

"That doesn't make it so, does it?"

Jim Connaughton laughed heartily.

"Not by a whole lot," he replied. "In fact, the very fact that Kelsey has turned it down is a point in its favor. I remember once that he went on record against mechanical stokers, spluttered around against them for six months, and, a year after that, we put them on every fire-hole, and they're still doing the trick there."

Browne leaned almost out of his chair and across the broad centre-table of the G. M.

"I thought you wouldn't necessarily take Kelsey's off-hand throwdown on a scheme I've worked over as hard as I've worked over this. Why, I'd stake my job against Mr. Kelsey's on the success of that engine. If the engine makes good, I've made good; if it doesn't, you can fire me without further notice, and I'll consider you've been much too good to me. I want a whack at our power situation with that turbine."

Connaughton smiled at him.

"You know, Winthrop, that I'm inclined toward the idea, despite Kelsey. I've been down to New York with your plans and seen some of the sharks there and over in Pittsburg, and I'm inclined to give you a try. Don't worry about the results. If that engine doesn't do what you promise, you'll go fast enough."

After a while, Browne left his superior and went into the outer office, where there were more than a benchful of committees asking favors of the big road, cheap politicians who wanted easy jobs for their relatives, and unshaven men with great ideas and little cash. As he passed down the line in front of these, thinking of how short a time before he had been of them, he heard Connaughton calling him to the sacred aren back of the swinging baize door.

"I seen you at the Lyceum las' night," said the G. M. with a shrewd look at the engineer.

"I go to the theatre once in a great while, Mr. Connaughton. I enjoy it."

"You seemed to be after enjoyin' it las' evenin', Mr. Browne. That was a nice-lookin' lass you had with you. One of old Pete Blakeley's girls, wasn't it?"

Browne reddened to the roots of his hair.

"It was the youngest Miss Blakeley, Mr. Connaughton."

"Well, it's none of my business who it is, is what you meant to say, Winthrop. Well, it is and it ain't. Girls is all right in their own good time, and Pete Blakeley's girls ought to have more than an ordinary lot o' good sense. But, Winthrop, don't you make the mistake some of our bright young men have made before your day. Don't try to float too many tails to your kite. I want you to put your mind right down on that turbine-engine proposition. You make that engine your girl. See? I guess you gather the drift of what I'm gettin' at. I'm trying to save you the hour when the boys out in the outer office there'll be saying, 'The new Number Two machine at Bloomfield Street went out yesterday, and Winthrop Emerson Browne, of Boston, went out with it.'"

After which Browne dryly thanked the General Manager for his advice, buckled down to final plans, and, after that, the construction of the new turbo, taking good care never

to be with Mary Blakeley within even a possible eyeshot of old man Connaughton. It was slow work and some months before he had the turbo installed in the engine-room of Bloomfield Street and ready for the critical eyes of the G. M. The old man hurried down there one day in his automobile.

"You don't tell me that we've spent $100,000 of Consolidated's good cash in buyin' that length of sewer-pipe?" he gasped. "I could have bought power for the old Baker Street line for ten years for that money."

Browne stood by the side of the black engine and laughed at Connaughton.

"And this old baby," he retorted, "without any outside help, could run four Baker Street lines for twenty years. There's a little economical figuring for you, Mr. Connaughton."

"Well, you tune her up, Winthrop, an' perhaps I'll think better of the sewing-machine, as Mr. Kelsey calls her."

"She's new and we'll only choke out the five thousand that her brass rate-plate here calls for to-day. But you give me a fortnight—those Pittsburg folks turned out as pretty a machine for us as you ever saw—and we'll show you some running."

Winthrop Browne could not make good on that promise to old man Connaughton. Three days later he stumbled on the staging about the new engine, and fell headlong to the floor. When they picked him up, he was found to be more than a little bruised, and the ambulance surgeon who came hurrying to the station said that he had fractured his arm. So they carried him back to his boarding-place, and there it was that Connaughton found him a few hours later.

"I'll be out of here in a day or two," smiled Browne feebly from his bed, "and get down to the station and just show you how that Number Two engine can hump when she has to hump."

Connaughton lifted his hand.

"I've a letter here from a worried an' anxious mother of yourn, Winthrop, an' she says she can't get over here for three or four days. There's an event comin' off at your sister's some one o' these days, and wimmen-folks are pretty busy in your family. She asks me to take good care of you, an' good care of you means that you won't go down to that station in a week, or two weeks, or three weeks—not until I get good and ready to let you go back there. We're not a-goin' to trust invalids to run our units."

The General Manager moved away from Browne's bed as if he really meant to threaten him by giving him one of his terrific glances, but Browne hardly paid much attention to what he said. He was still weak, and his bandaged arm pained him a great deal. Connaughton was over by the window and, noticing a potted, flowering plant there, fingered the card that was attached to it. He placed his eyeglasses half-way down his nose, and with some difficulty read the card.

"So it's Miss Mary Blakeley, is it?" he said. "I see you've been breaking orders, Winthrop."

The sick man started to raise himself upon his good elbow to explain, until Connaughton by a look ordered him to remain still. Connaughton's orders, even when they were unspoken, were obeyed. Browne sank prone upon his pillow.

"You didn't suppose for a minute, Mr. Connaughton," said he gravely, "that I would ever let as nice a girl as Miss Mary Blakeley get past me, did you?"

But whatever Connaughton supposed he didn't remark, for he turned on Browne quickly and said:

"The doctor told me when I come here not to irritate you by talking."

. . . . . .

It is hard for a man to sleep when his body is filled with racking pains that come from a fractured and abnormally unruly arm, and whose head is filled with waking dreams of a wonderful engine, the creation of his own mind, a child to which he is praying to be quickly taken. Winthrop Browne lay flat on his back on his hard, little iron bed, gazing at a monotonous ceiling all day long, and then, seemingly, all night long, too. Once, after a night wherein he had heard his little marine clock strike each hour, it seemed to him that the dawn came unusually early for a time of year when the sun, like many of the rest of us, rises late a-mornings. The ceiling became plashed with red and pink reflections, and Browne had finally to rouse himself from drowsiness before he realized that there must be a fire somewhere in the town. By a good deal of exertion he raised himself to the window. A huge conflagration was in progress. It sent its heat and its light back against the buildings that rose street upon street in hilly Tremont and made a thousand windows glare in reflection. Browne could have read a finely-printed newspaper by the light. His was a back room, and an unfriendly wing of the house hid the location of the fire from him. He wondered vaguely for a moment where the big fire was.

Beverly Docks!

Beverly Docks lay just in the path to send those deep shadows in such angles, and Browne had told Connaughton a long time ago that his biggest generating-station was a bad fire risk, old construction, plenty of woodwork and exposed metal framing, open shafts, no firewalls—all a chance for a great, big blaze. And, with Beverly Docks gone, think of the load that would be thrown on Bloomfield Street! And the new engine was new and not ready to be warmed up to anything like real work.

He jumped to the telephone that stood upon his table. Off came the receiver and he shouted into the instrument without delay:

"Give me 3400 Centre; Consolidated Traction, you know."

But Central did not know; the instrument was mute, and Browne threw the unoffending thing to the floor with

"Say, Boy," He Half Whispered, Half Shouted in the Messenger's Ear, "Where's the Fire?"

an oath as he realized that Connaughton and the doctor had between them connived to have the instrument disconnected. No way of locating that big blaze that kept sending its reflections more brightly than before. More engines were hurrying through the streets and down the hills, and Winthrop Emerson Browne absolutely helpless in such an emergency! Of course, it might not be Beverly Docks; it might be one of the great terminal elevators of the T & S. system, Landis & Clark's shoe factories, or any one of a half-dozen great industries that gathered on the water-front, but Browne felt a conviction that it must be Beverly Docks; and, with Beverly Docks gone, what wouldn't old man Connaughton ask of Bloomfield Street?

The commotion of the telephone clattering to the floor awakened his nurse, and she came hurrying to his room. When she came, she said that she hadn't the slightest idea what was burning, and apparently not even the slightest desire to discover what. She bundled him into bed and besought him to sleep, as if sleep were a possibility with ruddy reflections stealing past the sides of the heavy shades she so quickly drew, with fire apparatus banging past the house for hours, with the possibility that Beverly Docks was gone and Jim Connaughton would be asking Bloomfield Street to carry Consolidated's awful pulling-load.

It was toward night before Winthrop Browne eluded his careful watchers and got in touch with the outer world. Miss Simmons, his nurse, was downstairs giving report of his condition over the telephone to an interested Miss Mary Blakeley, and A. D. T. 187 blew into the sick man's room at the psychological moment with a great box of flowers from that same young woman. Browne caught 187 with his free good arm. It was the first day that his regular flowers had been of secondary importance.

"Say, boy," he half whispered, half shouted in the messenger's ear, "where's the fire?"

No. 187 drew away from Winthrop Emerson Browne with an expression of disgust.

"Quit yer kiddin'!" he said disdainfully. "I'm too old to stand for stringin'."

But Browne only drew the boy nearer him and folded a greenback against his palm.

"I've got sort of a bum arm, 187," he remarked confidentially, "and that's my excuse for being twelve hours behind the news. You'd been about crazy yourself if you'd heard the engines tooting down by here all night, and wondering what on earth was afire, and a crank of a doctor and another crank of a nurse to keep real news from you. Tell me quick, before she comes back."

The boy threw himself upon the edge of Browne's bed.

"Gee, but you're in hard luck!" he said sympathetically, "for you clean missed the biggest fire in the town in ten years. It was great. Why, boss, they thought they'd have to dynamite oncet or twicet to keep it from spreading. They had all the reserve engines out. They ——"

"What burned, 187?"

"Oh, that wasn't much. It was the old power-house of the Consolidated down on Beverly Docks. Nobody cares much about that, for no one in Tremont's apt to care much what happens to the old Consolidated. But, say, you ought to seen it when that rear wall in the alley fell and ——"

But Browne did not hear the boy. He was already contriving how he could escape his jail and get to the relief of Bloomfield Street.

. . . . . .

Old Jim Connaughton, General Manager of Consolidated, looking twenty years older than the day before, sat at his great centre-desk, swearing like a trooper and viciously denying himself to a long line of callers who waited in the anteroom. Around him hung the heavy aroma of burnt wood and molten metal, his clothes were torn and soiled, his collar, shirt-front and face black with smut and dirt. There were muddy streaks under his puffy eyes, for Nature had conquered tired and exhausted Jim Connaughton twice this afternoon, and had reduced his iron mind to submission while she made him refresh himself by putting his head in his arms and making him cry like a child. He was not crying now, was Jim Connaughton. He was shouting to his private secretary at the far end of the big room.

"Tell those reporters I don't know what our loss is, and don't care. I've had something else to do to-day than figure fire losses. Did you get the Edison people? What! they can't give us but 4000? Why, tell them that ain't a drop in the bucket. Why, we won't begin to get folks up the hills and home to supper on that. That will take every bit of 19,000 horse-power. Why, they've been pounding us for six months on our facilities, and this will knock the whole business higher than a kite and we'll all go out a-flying. Tell Edison they'll have to give us better than that 4000 during the rush hours."

The secretary busied himself with the telephone while old Jim talked with C. K. Blagdell, the veteran president of the road, who had just come in to him. Mr. Blagdell's clothing was immaculate, but there were many lines of worry across his brow.

"Do the best you can, Jim, but don't worry," he said. "How are we going to pull them up the hill to-night?"

"We'll try and get them up in relays, with Bloomfield Street to do all the work. We'll give a little power here and a little power there, and if the Edison people do the decent by us we'll get them home somehow; but it'll be a bad business at the best. I've wired to Westinghouse for temporary generators; they'll send them through by special train to-night. They'll be helping out in four or five days. It'll be bad enough till then."

Connaughton's secretary, receiver in hand, addressed the two men.

"Edison folks'll give you 7500 horse-power after 7:15 o'clock, when they're off their peak load and the downtown stores and offices are turning out their lights. They say they can't spare us more than 4000 during the evening

rush. Donnelly, down at Bloomfield Street, says he'll run Browne's turbine up to her rating and give you 7500 or 8000 from that station. He don't dare run that new engine, with that old piping and without Browne, beyond her rating."

"Tell him not to run any risks with those engines. They're all we got now. I wish I had young Browne down there this minute."

"I'll send a messenger around to his house for him," suggested the secretary.

"Not on your life. He's still a mighty sick boy. That's the reason I've tried to keep the fire from him all day."

Ralston, Connaughton's assistant, came hurrying up to the big desk.

"Winthrop Browne's on my wire; couldn't get yours. Says he's at Bloomfield Street, and he'll stay there and see the thing through till we're off the peak load."

Connaughton started from his chair.

"The young whelp!" he sputtered. "I'll get down there this moment and send him home to bed."

He drew on his coat and hurried down the elevator to his big, red touring-car that stood at the curb. A young woman, evidently in some distress, her nurse's costume half-hidden by a heavy storm-coat, tried to stop him for a word with him, but he did not recognize her and swept past her, saying:

"I'll see you a little later, ma'am. I can't stop now for anything."

An instant after the big, sputtering car was far down the way through the gathering shadows of night, twisting and turning at mad speed through Tremont's busy streets, on its way to Bloomfield Street station. The traffic policemen knew old Jim Connaughton, and helped give him a wide pathway, the motormen on all the cars of the crippled railway slowly poking their way up the heavy hills dimly divined that some new crisis had arisen—that was why the old man was crowding past them at a speed not ordinarily known to him.

Browne had had Donnelly at his desk. He had made a bad job of improvising a sling for that half-knit arm and Donnelly, who had wound armatures until his touch was as facile as a woman's, was bettering the apparatus. But Winthrop Browne was not thinking of his arm, despite the twinges it all the time sent through his body.

"You'll pick the coal, Donnelly, and keep only your best men stoking over the peak load. What's the turbo doing now? Six thousand. Oh, she'll do a lot better than that. She's only limbering up now. Her rating? I know her rating and, Donnelly, I know what that engine can do. With our old Corliss and the 4000 the Edison folks give us we'll run the line and get folks home to their suppers all right. You give me the steam, every pound of it that you can crowd out of the old teapots, and I'll give them the juice. We'll give them a little here and there for the next

"I'm Boss of This Power-House"

fifteen minutes, and then we'll start them all a-going. Say, Donnelly, give me a lift with my coat. I'm mighty awkward with it."

When old Jim Connaughton reached Bloomfield Street, almost exhausted because of his terrific ride down from his office, he took a look into Browne's office, hoping he'd find that young scamp there and tell him just what he thought of such rattle-headed asininity. But Browne was not there, and the G. M. pushed ahead into the engine-room. The place was all aglitter and alight with hissing arcs. Close by was the beautiful great Corliss, lithe and clean-limbed, ponderous and muscular, its shaft thrusting and returning with an almost musical rhythm, eccentrics careening and snapping, governors, flywheels and generators spinning at a terrific rate, grinding out 2500 horse-power.

Browne's turbine was a third the size of the Corliss engine. It looked like the sewing-machine that Kelsey had dubbed it in the first plans, and there was hardly evidence of motion in engine or generator. It was low, and black, and long, and gave no evidence of the great load it was carrying. By it leaned young Browne, himself, carelessly clothed, his injured arm hung in an improvised sling made from a bandanna handkerchief, his face flushed with the excitement of the moment.

"I thought I told you to stay in bed!" yelled old Connaughton at him, long before he reached him.

Browne laughed a feeble laugh.

"You're boss uptown. I'm boss of this power-house, and this power-house is all Consolidated's got, and I'm trying to make it pull the trick through. Unless you fire me out of my job you can't come down here and interfere with me at a time when I'm as busy as I am now."

The General Manager gasped. Before he could answer, Browne was talking to him.

"Look here, Mr. Connaughton. You wouldn't have thought this engine good for 7500 horse, would you? She's doing that this minute. She will be doing more than that within a few minutes."

Old Jim put on his glasses and looked at the indicators.

"You'll be burning her out, Winthrop, and then where'll we be? Worse off than before. Think of her generator."

"Don't you worry about that dynamo, Mr. Connaughton. I had it made a couple of sizes large so we could take up a kink or two on the power situation on a night like this."

The General Manager turned to Browne's chief engineer, Donnelly.

"What's the limit of this engine?" he asked sharply.

"No limit, Mr. Connaughton. I guess the dynamos, the b'ilers an' the service-pipes are her only limit, and we're far from those yet."

This time Connaughton turned to Browne. They were back in the little office that fronted the switchboard indicators.

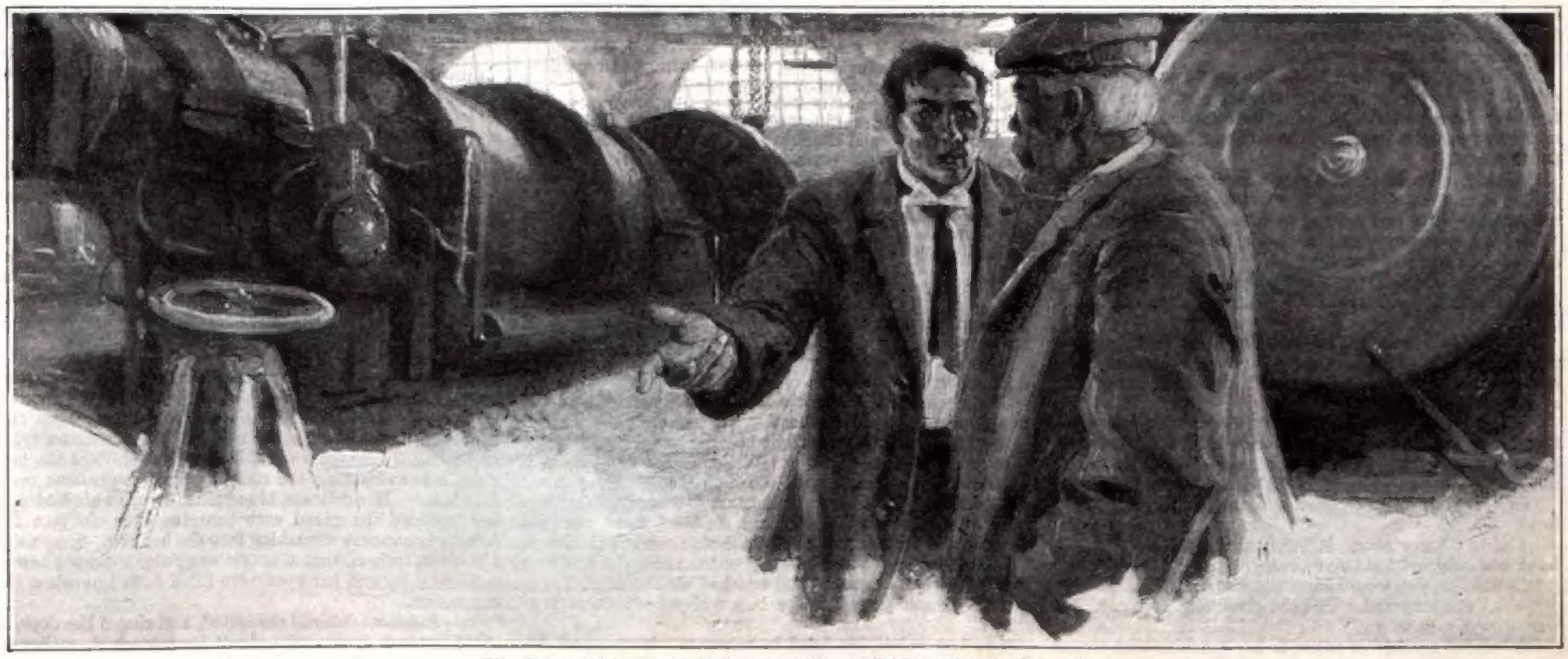
"Do you think that you can do it, my boy?" he asked nervously. "They have been pounding us pretty sharp, and these newspapers are just nasty enough not to give us the benefit of the situation on a night like this." Connaughton halted a moment, and then coughed uneasily. "There's more than your job at stake in this situation," he added. "I think that if we can't clean up this mess we'll all go out a-flying this time."

Winthrop Browne completely forgot his wicked arm for the instant, and smiled confidently over at Connaughton.

"We'll come near doing it, though this station isn't in the best shape for strain; some of that piping is as bad as I wrote you two months ago. But my baby is beginning to do her part." He pointed to the needles of the indicator-gauges. "There she goes over 8000, Mr. Connaughton. They won't be standing more than another five minutes out on the hills. There, do you see that needle, over on the left there, go slipping back? That means that they're starting up on slippery rails out on Baker Street. Don't you think my turbine beats mules to-night, Mr. Connaughton?"

He laughed like a child at the success of his toy, and old Connaughton almost smiled with him. They watched the needle show the steady climb of the turbo. Nine thousand, ten thousand—eleven thousand horse; then a long time, and then—twelve thousand horse. Browne took a glance at his watch, and then at the other indicator-needles. "Ten minutes after six, and every car on Consolidated's

(Continued on Page 39)



"I'm Going to Make Beverly Docks a Sort of Second Fiddle to Bloomfield Street"

The Autocrat of the Swivel-Chair

The Right Hand and the Left Hand of Mr. Peter R. Rutherford

By ELLA MIDDLETON TYBOUT

THE chair itself had an opulent and consequential air. It was far more obtrusive than the large mahogany desk that occupied the centre of the room and before which it was placed. Indeed, it seemed that the desk was merely an adjunct of the chair, so thoroughly had the latter become imbued with the personality of the man who sat in it every day.

Other chairs there were, of course. Some soft and luxurious, for favored visitors; others, for unwelcome suppliants, tightly upholstered in red leather and presenting slippery surfaces that made the bodies of the occupants appear as ill at ease as their minds. There was also another, humbly retreating behind the desk in a manner befitting a paid dependent. This was the stenographer's chair, and it seemed to shrink from its large and prosperous neighbor in much the same manner the stenographer herself shrank from the man who owned them all.

For he *did* own them, body and soul, and they knew and resented it accordingly.

The Autocrat was aware he employed a certain number of clerks; he used them until they were worn-out, then replaced them by others. They, in turn, knew they were cogs in the wheels of a great corporation and necessary for its proper manipulation, but the knowledge brought them no personal benefit.

The junior bookkeeper used to sit upon his high stool and calculate how well he could live if he had one-eighth of one per cent. of the annual profits of the corporation, until, after a while, he decided to become a part of the corporation itself. It was an easy transition from junior bookkeeper to junior partner, and he made it at one fell swoop.

Or he would imagine himself rushing between the Autocrat and a would-be assassin and modestly disclaiming the ensuing reward. He went so far sometimes as to fill in checks for large sums payable to himself and signed by Peter R. Rutherford, until the latter gentleman himself would have hesitated to deny the signature.

"My boy"—he could even hear the tremor of the Autocrat's voice—"you have saved my life. Allow me to offer you this slight token of my gratitude."

Meanwhile, his books refused to balance, and gradually each day he lived a little more in excess of his salary.

"Hang it all," he would protest, "a man must live like a gentleman; what can you expect on fifteen dollars *per?*"

And fifteen dollars it remained, for advancement was earned only by assiduous application, and, though the junior bookkeeper's manners were irreproachable, application was not his strong point.

The stenographer liked him. He would open the door or pick up a paper for her with as much alacrity as though they were in a parlor, and, being a woman as well as the motive power of a machine, these things helped to soften existence.

One day, after filling in a check for a small amount, he cashed it, instead of tearing it apart as usual. It was all ridiculously easy and helped to tide over an emergency. When the next emergency arose, however, the check he cashed was much larger.

"For," he argued, "one might as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb, and, anyhow, he'll never know the difference."

But the Autocrat had formed the habit of comparing returned checks with the stubs in his book. Consequently, one morning, the junior bookkeeper's high stool was empty, and his ill-kept ledger closed.

"But," remarked the clerk just above him, when the first flurry of excitement had subsided, "how did Arnold know just when to make himself scarce? Who warned him not to show up here to-day? That's what I want to know."

His eyes questioned the stenographer, but she shook her head.

"I didn't know about it," she said; "the letter to the bank was only written this morning."

"Otherwise, you would have told him, eh, Miss Emory?"

"Yes," she returned, "I'd have given him a chance. He was always nice to me."

She placed a sheet of paper in her machine and struck the keys mechanically.

He Fingered His Hat-Brim with a Guilty Air, Obviously Ill at Ease

"I'm glad he got away—very, very glad," she said. "But he has ruined his life, of course—nothing can alter that. *Why* did he do it, Mr. Carter?"

Mr. Carter, who always saved a third of his earnings, smiled the smile of conscious rectitude.

"Dabbling in stocks, theatres, suppers and—things you don't understand, Miss Emory. Oh, he's ruined his life, all right! Old Peter *R.* won't rest easy till the law grips him good and hard. And serve him right, too; a man should live within his income."

Thus spoke Mr. Carter, whose books always balanced to a cent, and whose income was not subject to emergency calls.

Meanwhile, the Autocrat looked over his morning's mail, a task he never trusted to his secretary. Before him lay the usual pile of terse, typewritten communications, and in his hand he held a sheet of paper closely covered with the fine, delicate handwriting belonging to the old school. Perhaps, he found the shaded, sloping capitals and long S's of the old-fashioned chirography hard to decipher, for he scowled as he read, and swore audibly as he returned it to its envelope and put it in his pocket.

Late that afternoon he drew it forth and dictated a reply:

My dear Madam:

Referring to your letter of the 8th instant in regard to your son, Richard Arnold, lately employed by me.

I regret to inform you that I am unable to comply with your request not to institute legal proceedings in the matter of the forged checks. In my opinion, to condone a felony is to put a premium upon dishonesty and encourage vice. The young man deliberately chose to commit the crime and must endure the penalty.

I beg to assure you that further appeal in the premises will be useless. The law must take its course.

I am, my dear Madam,

Yours very truly,

PETER R. RUTHERFORD.

The Autocrat swung his swivel-chair around, and faced his desk.

"That's all, Miss Emory. There's no hurry; it can wait till to-morrow."

The clerks had gone when Miss Emory returned to the outer room, and as she paused at her own desk she glanced toward the corner once occupied by the junior bookkeeper. Was it imagination that caused her to see a figure in a well-known gray coat upon the high stool? She rubbed her eyes and went closer; it was Arnold himself. His arms were crossed upon the desk and his head was bowed on them in a characteristically picturesque abandon of misery.

Miss Emory glanced fearfully at the room she had just quitted, as she advanced and touched his shoulder.

"Mr. Arnold"—she spoke in a whisper—"is this prudent?"

The boy raised his head in response. Youth had deserted him during the night, and he looked at her out of hollow, despairing eyes.

"Hush!" she said, and immediately supplemented the warning by a question:

"What are you doing here?"

"I don't know." He spoke dully and without intelligence.

"You don't *know?*"

"I think I came for something in my desk, and"—he paused uncertainly—"and—well, to see you. It was awfully good in you to send that telegram; I don't know how to thank you."

"I sent no telegram."

He drew a crumpled bit of yellow paper from his pocket and stared at it incredulously.

"Then, who——"

"I don't know"—Miss Emory's voice was rather breathless—"but you mustn't stay here. Mr. Rutherford is in his office."

"My mother wrote to him," Arnold spoke with an effort; "she thinks, perhaps, he won't prosecute if we promise to make good."

"Oh, but he *will*. He has just written to her—a cruel letter. You must go at once."

The gleam of hope that had sprung to his eyes died away as he got off the stool.

"I'm going."

"Where?"

"I don't know."

The girl came a step closer.

"I'm sorry I didn't send the telegram," she said. "I would have liked to be the one to help you, Mr. Arnold."

A movement in the inner room caused her to pause.

"Oh, go—*go!*" she exclaimed. "I'll stay here and stop him with some question if he comes out. But be quick."

He disappeared through the door leading to the street and Miss Emory noticed the droop of his shoulders and heaviness of his step. She looked toward the inner room, and thought of the man in the swivel-chair who held the boy's destiny in the hollow of his hand. A man, hard, implacable, and relentless in his demand for the pound of flesh. His stenographer knew him well.

"A few paltry dollars," she murmured; "what are they to him?"

Then suddenly the girl rebelled against the irony of Fate, and her heart was filled with the bitter helplessness that sometimes overwhelms those who toil.

"Oh," she cried aloud, "it isn't fair—it isn't *fair* that he should have so much and we so little."

The Autocrat stepped from his motor at the door of his club, and told the chauffeur not to wait. He watched the machine disappear around the corner, then hailed a passing hansom and gave an address.

The winter's day was closing in and the street lamps gleamed through the early dusk as the cab rattled over cobblestones and turned many corners. Little by little he left the haunts of the wealthy and penetrated into the region where prosperity has perhaps begun to dawn, but life is still strenuous. Another turn or two and he reached a waste of genteel poverty where the very cleanliness of front steps and windows seemed to protest mutely against the price of soap.

Before the six-story apartment in the centre of the block the cab stopped. The last apartment on the top floor consisted of three rooms: a kitchen, a bedroom, and an indefinite room where a couch against the wall suggested the idea that at night its shabby cover was removed and it stood confessed a bed.

On the wall, strangely incongruous, hung portraits of a richly-dressed man and woman who seemed contemptuous of their surroundings, even as the woman by the window was oblivious to them. She was prematurely aged and careworn, but had once been of the Dresden-china type, and recalled rose leaves and lavender, in spite of the fact that, like everything the room contained, she was worn and faded. Her delicate, blue-veined hands were folded in her lap, and she gazed with unseeing eyes out into the forest of chimneys stretching into the horizon. She was so absorbed, indeed, that a knock was twice repeated before she heard it, and her eyes were filled with fear when she responded.

The Autocrat entered uninvited, and closed the door.

"Your bell is out of order," he remarked, rather as though it were a personal affront.

She did not reply, but stood tense and upright, waiting until he should disclose his errand.

"It is Peter Rutherford," he said.

"I thought so," she replied, "but I was not sure. Won't you sit down?"

He complied, with caution, for he was a large man and the chair creaked a warning. She lapsed into silence and again he took the initiative.

"I got your letter."

"And you *came* instead of writing? That was very kind."

"I have written also; you will get the letter to-morrow afternoon."

"And it says?"

"That I can do nothing. The law must take its course."

Her face went a shade paler and there was an involuntary flutter of her hand to her breast, but her voice did not tremble as she spoke.

"Then I will detain you no longer. I am sorry to have troubled you."

He knew himself dismissed, but continued his calm survey of the room and its contents. His eyes traveled from floor to ceiling and from wall to wall, appreciating the sordid details and aware of each pitiful makeshift.

"So it is you," he said at last—"*you*—Sallie Dangerfield."

"Mrs. Arnold," she corrected; "only my friends need remember Sallie Dangerfield."

"You have many friends, of course?"

"I had at one time; they grow fewer every day."

The Autocrat moved uneasily and the chair instantly announced his indiscretion. He glanced toward the bedroom and also into the little kitchen, whose door stood hospitably open.

"Where is he?"

"I would not tell you if I knew."

"I could hardly expect you to do so."

He paused a moment, then resumed reflectively.

"It is unlucky the boy should inherit his father's tendencies. I believe Mr Arnold also ——"

"The dead," she interrupted, "are beyond criticism."

"They are fortunate, Mrs. Arnold, and often to be envied.

For some minutes they sat in silence; then the man spoke as though the words broke from him against his will.

"The young fool," he cried—"the young fool! How could he be so stupid?"

"He was poor, you know," the mother made the statement calmly; "he saw things and wanted them. And he was headstrong and self-willed, he would not be advised."

The Autocrat smiled rather grimly.

"A Dangerfield characteristic," he said; "I once knew a girl who would not be advised. Well, she made her own bed."

"And has lain in it without complaint," supplemented Mrs. Arnold.

He was looking at the portraits now.

"They are both dead," he said; "had you heard?"

"I know."

"Your brother"—he hesitated a moment—"Your brother Richard lives on the old place. He never married."

"I know," she said again.

"He wants you to come home—he told me so. He is willing to forget. He said he had looked for you."

"I did not want to be found. We managed to live—the boy and I."

"Yes, with his salary. But *now?*"

He rose and approached her, but she shrank instinctively.

"Oh, I know you don't like me," he said; "you never did, for that matter; and, to do you justice, you never concealed how you felt. Many other people seem to feel the same way. Believe me, I sympathize with you—that letter yesterday was probably the bitterest moment of your life. I understood."

"One of them," she said. "I have had many bitter moments, Peter."

Not many people called the Autocrat by his Christian name, but it fell quite simply from her lips; she was, indeed, unaware she had used it.

The room had grown dark, and he took a silver case from his pocket, selected a match, and struck it with the precision that characterized his smallest act.

"Allow me," he remarked, and lighted the gas.

Mrs. Arnold turned her head aside, as though preferring the shadow, and spoke slowly.

"You are married?"

"Yes."

"You have a son, perhaps?"

"No; he died in childhood."

"Then I am, after all, richer than you, for my boy lived."

She spoke as though this son were still an enviable possession, and he looked at her with incredulous wonder. Even a great financier can scarcely comprehend the depth of mother-love.

"I wrote to you and asked you to be merciful," she said, "although he told me you never forgave an injury. But still I wrote, because, you see, he did not know very much about the past. I never told him how well we knew each other years ago. I thought, perhaps, when you knew he was my son—all I have left to make life endurable—you might ——"

For the first time her voice trembled, and she paused abruptly.

"Mr. Rutherford," she resumed with quiet dignity, "since you have chosen to disregard my appeal, may I ask why you are here to-night?"

The Autocrat took an envelope from his pocket and laid it on the table.

"I came to bring the boy his ticket West," he said.

"His—ticket—West?"

"Certainly. I know he is still in town, because" the corners of his mouth twitched a little—"the young idiot came back to the office this afternoon. I saw him talking to my stenographer; no doubt they reviled me together."

"I don't understand."

"I will try and explain. I did not know he was your son until I got your letter; but I had noticed him at his desk. He was an abominably poor clerk, and I have often been on the point of having him dismissed. I did not understand why I kept him, but now I know."

She was listening intently, her hands clasped until the veins stood out like cords.

"After this, of course, he must go; I cannot keep him longer in my office. You could not expect it."

"No," she acquiesced, "I could not."

"So I wrote to you as an object-lesson to the rest of the force. I knew they would hear of the letter."

"But," she began, "why should you ——"

"Wait," he interrupted, "there are certain conditions to be met. If, as seems to be the case, the boy has inherited his father's propensity—I am sorry, but I must speak plainly."

"Go on."

"Then the city is no place for him. But if, having stumbled once, he will be careful to walk straight in future—well, I have a ranch in Dakota, and he may go there and begin again. There is room to breathe and promotion for honest work, and this story will not shadow him. I have written to my foreman; his ticket with full directions and something to begin on are in this envelope. He shall have a chance, but the rest depends upon himself. I should advise him to start at once."

She sat speechless, staring at him with eyes now misty with tears, but brightened by slowly dawning hope. The Autocrat rose and felt for his hat.

"I think that is all," he remarked.

"Peter!" The word was scarcely audible.

"Yes?"

"Don't go; I want to talk to you. I'd like to thank you, but I can't. It's too big—too vital a thing for me to talk about. I had steeled myself to bear it all as I had done once before—the disgrace, the poverty, the blighting of his life. Ah, he is so young, so pitifully young! I think I went down into hell last night before I wrote to you, and drained the dregs of bitterness, as you realized. And now —— Oh, Peter, I'd like to thank you. I'd like to ask you to forgive me for the injustice I've done you—for the past as well as the present. Oh, the *past*, the *past!* And the days and nights of repentance—the long days and endless nights!"

"Don't," he interrupted, "don't." But Mrs. Arnold had more to say.

"It was you who sent that unsigned telegram yesterday?"

"Yes."

"Did you know then who he was?"

"No."

"Then why did you send it?"

He fingered his hat-brim with a guilty air, obviously ill at ease.

"I don't know," he said; "do you?"

She laid her hand in his. It was a little hand, finely shaped and delicate, though it was wrinkled now, and showed its years of usefulness. It trembled a little as it lay there, and his heavy eyebrows met with the contraction of his forehead as he watched it.

"Ah, yes," she said, "I know. After sixty years, at last I know you, Peter Rutherford. You sent that telegram because ——"

"Sallie," he interrupted, "you'd better begin to pack up. Your brother will be here to-night; I talked to him over the long-distance to-day. This is no sort of a place for a Dangerfield to live."

Miss Emory laid her finished letters upon the desk and touched the top one in mute interrogation.

"Well?" inquired the Autocrat.

"This one," she said, "this letter to Mrs. Arnold. Will you send it?"

"Why not?"

"I thought, perhaps"—she hesitated, uncertain how to proceed—"perhaps, after thinking it over, you might decide not to send it."

"I think my letters over before I write them, Miss Emory."

He dipped his pen in the ink and she watched the formation of the firm, legible signature in silence. It almost seemed to her as though she, too, were in some way at fault—as though she were responsible for the words she had written with such unwilling fingers. The muscles of her throat tightened and a sense of her own impotence clutched her like a vice. The Autocrat, glancing at her, read her opinion in her eyes.

"I have no sympathy for criminals," he remarked, as he blotted the paper. "Please see that this is mailed at once."

"Oh, Go—Go!" She Exclaimed

Late that Afternoon He Drew it Forth and Dictated a Reply

Not for Sale

ONCE, when Wayne MacVeagh was of the general counsel of the Pennsylvania Railroad, some of the officials asked him to do a certain thing because of politics.

"But that is not my politics," said Mr. MacVeagh.

"Oh, well," was the reply, "let's not go into that. We would like to have you do it. In fact, we insist on it."

"Now, see here," shouted MacVeagh, rising in wrath, "I want you people to understand that, because I sell you a dollar's worth of law for fifty cents, you do not purchase my political principles for that or any other price."

THE ART OF HANDLING MEN

THE CONGRESS OF NATIONS

By James H. Collins

WHEN it comes to managing any variety of unskilled outdoor labor now available in this country, the employer and superintendent may as well throw out of the window all that has been learned of theory and practice with indoor organizations. Books must be abandoned and humanity studied in the original. In the South, the negro. In the East, the Italian and Greek, with occasionally the French-Canadian, and not infrequently the Russian or Polish Jew, who is a worker in the semi-skilled outdoor trades. In the Central and Middle West, Huns, Slavs, Poles and Bohemians. In the Northwest the Scandinavian races. On the Pacific Coast, the Chinese and Japanese. In the Southwest, the Mexican peon.

British Columbia is Now Receiving Hindu Laborers

Spain's extreme northwest corner has lately been tapped. Our War Department went there a few months ago to recruit laborers for the Isthmus. From the fastnesses of old Galicia are coming sturdy, good-tempered mountain peasants, who set out for this country only on one condition—that, after they have earned a stake as laborers, a piece of the precious land be allotted to them. Most of these Spaniards go to our Southern States, where that agreement can be carried out.

British Columbia is now receiving Hindu laborers—tall, calm, turbaned Sikhs from India, who have been pouring in the past four years, and can cross our border on the same conditions as European immigrants under present laws.

"What next—immigrants with tails?"

The contractor's superintendent laughs at the query.

"Let 'em come—they'd make dandy derrickmen."

Of all these nationalities, the Italian is the contractor's mainstay. Poles, Huns and Slavs settle permanently around mines, mills and quarries. So do the French-Canadians and Scandinavians, becoming more or less immovable factors in the labor market. But the Italian prefers to flit from job to job, even though he makes less money, and a large slice of his earnings goes for railroad and steamship tickets. Except for some unimportant competition by the Greek, he has virtually a monopoly of construction work. A few glimpses into his character, and an outline of the methods by which he is managed, may throw light on ways of dealing with all these races.

In those short stories of Italy, so many of which are written by American authors for domestic consumption, the Italian peasant is pictured as a childlike soul who has never been ten miles from his native village. In actuality, however, he seems to be always on the wing, and will go anywhere, provided his cousins go, too. As for his childlike nature, the contractors do not find him so simple as the fictionists. Under his bland, sunny surface may lie duplicity as deep as Ah Sin's. He belongs to an old, sophisticated race. He often strikes work, apparently, because a cloud obscured the sun. But if the "bigga da boss" investigates a bit he learns that the wily padrone has called his force off to a job down the line where better pay is offered.

It is through the padrone that an employer first meets the Italian laborer. New York is the great clearing-house for this nation's pick-and-shovel men. Working-parties depart from it for all sections of the country, and, when a job is finished, fly back again as steel filings to the magnet.

The padrone is largely instrumental in keeping Italian laborers on the move. He makes several profits from them—a commission for finding Antonio employment, a charge for board while he is out of work, and, sometimes, a charge for railroad fare when transportation is free. His chief profit, however, is that of the commissary, set up where the work is, selling food, clothing and drink. Few Italian laborers ever seek work for themselves, and a contractor cannot afford to rely on these scattered independents.

The contractor goes to a padrone and tells him that a thousand men are needed to build a trolley line in New England. Immediately an interesting process starts.

First, there must be assurance that living conditions on the job are right. During his early months in America the Italian contentedly sleeps on boards in a shack made of slats and tarred paper. But, eventually, he learns the comfort of a mattress, and demands one. There are other items of luxury necessary in his agreement, according to the depths of Sybaritism into which he has sunk. So a small advance party of laborers is sent up to the job, and the mainguard will not follow until this advance party approves conditions. In a week, however, letters come back, and, if all is satisfactory, the padrone calls together a mass of men, and the contractor begins his selection.

Then he learns, if new at this business, that Italians are organized in curious little groups. These are not secret societies, but merely acquaintanceships—knots of a dozen men from the same village in Italy. They hang together. If one is hired, all must be hired. If one is discharged, all members of his group will quit. Discipline on a job can be maintained only by reducing an offender's pay to some point above the danger-line, or by sending him to his shack for a day without wages—heavy punishment for these industrious, thrifty people.

An experienced contractor is usually on his guard against hiring Sicilians. Romans, Venetians and Neapolitans make the best laborers, while Calabrians or "Calaboos," as they are called, are valued, too; though the padrones rather dislike the latter because they are very frugal. The Sicilian is avoided because he is often a natural blackmailer and bandit. On his native island he has long been free from the government discipline that rules the Italian peninsula. There are undoubtedly more law-abiding Sicilians in this country to-day than bad ones, but the latter have put a handicap on their fellows, and the contractor finds it easiest to weed out both the good and bad alike.

A very little contact with Italians, and the Sicilian is known at sight. He has a darker skin, and wears earrings or has pierced ears. But the "bigga da boss" detects a Sicilian as far as he can see him, if he will only walk. There is a swinging, devil-may-care gait that belongs to his nature. He seems to need only a red sash and a tin dagger to be fit to step into the chorus of bandits in Italian opera.

Diplomatic Work for Bosses

FINALLY, the force is made up and starts for the depot. If there are five men or five hundred, they will, for some curious reason, follow one another in Indian file, winding through crowds like a long serpent. At the head of each twenty or thirty marches a man with a mandolin or concertina, who is the troubadour and bard, a very important person in management of Italian labor. Two or three musical instruments make up about all the baggage of such a group. The rest is packed in a communal valise or carried in red handkerchiefs.

Until the train is really off, the contractor has no peace of mind. At the very gate some sudden, causeless, Latin panic may run through the whole mass, and they will scatter like sheep, rushing off without even stopping to pick up the concertinas. At the end of the journey there may be other complications. In many American communities the Italian is still unknown, and stands as a sort of vague devil, ready to knife inoffensive persons on sight. So diplomacy may be needed in introducing these new fellow-countrymen to Americans who arrived a generation or two earlier.

A pulp-digester plant was to be built in North Carolina, near a village of mountaineers of Scotch-Irish descent. Word went on ahead that Italians would be employed. This village had excluded negroes, and got the impression that Italians were akin to the latter. Hostility was found when the contractor sounded the mountaineers, and threats of violence, if the strange laborers were introduced. The contractor, therefore, dispatched an exceptionally strong advance party, more than a hundred men, in the belief that so large a force would prevent attack. And it did. Furthermore, when the Italians came, they soon made friends with the mountaineers. Beer was a luxury in the hills. The Carolinians came to the padrone's commissary, and it flowed. The Italians lavished hospitality upon them, and, in a week, there was no race question at all.

This is the common experience in such cases. Italians do fight and stab, but only among themselves. Their hospitality and good-nature to other nationalities knows no bounds, and they make friends with every one but the negro. Some dread of being associated with the latter because of their own dark skins seems to breed an antipathy toward him.

How the Camp is Laid Out

AT THIS North Carolina camp the contractor had erected shacks for his force, laying out a small town according to a definite plan that is followed on such jobs. The bank of a stream was chosen for the site, so that his men might bathe. First came a plank floor, covering, perhaps, a thousand feet in area. This is invariably known as "Garibaldi Square." In the centre some ornament is erected—usually a pole with an American flag. On this square the men gather to talk, sing and dance.

Flanking it on one side were the store, bakeshop and padrone's establishment, while on two other sides were bunk-houses where the men sleep. Within a week after their arrival, however, little individual shacks and shelters go up in rows flanking the bunk-houses. These are made of stolen bricks and timber, and accommodate village groups. The contractor shuts his eyes as long as no structure invades the fourth side of the square. But this must on no account be invaded or obscured in any way, for it is his weather indicator.

Several hundred feet away, looking right up this open side, is the contractor's own camp. Here, on Sundays, he and his subordinates sit and keep alert for trouble. When it is possible, the camp will also be set with a hill in its rear, so that timekeepers or foremen can look down into it with a field-glass and detect skulkers.

Perhaps, the state of the labor market was such that the force had to be pieced out with a colony of Greeks. These will have their separate quarters at a distance, with their own square, "the Acropolis." The Greek community need not be near water; for, while the Italian rather likes to bathe and wash his clothes, and you seldom get up early enough in the morning to find him unshaven, the Greek's habits are such that, when he finally leaves his quarters, they are burned as they stand. If the race question is still further complicated by other nationalities, a contractor builds separate quarters for all, keeping the various parties apart, like unknown chemicals.

Trouble in an Italian contract camp is likely to come in a number of varieties, each in its original package.

Commonest of all is the ordinary knife-fight, which rideth on a swift cloud, and alighteth where it will, and, for a moment, is here and then departeth, no man knows whither.

But the Ordinary Knife-Fight is Not Troublesome to an Experienced Superintendent

The Italian is mercurial, easily elated, easily depressed. He has a carbonated temperament, and is a true seltzer-siphon. A contractor's chief difficulty, once he is camped on a job, is to keep him happy. The bards come in here. Their concertinas and mandolins and harmonicas help greatly. Good musicians are often paid extra wages. Singing matches help, too. There are often quartets and choruses among the laborers, but the Latin nature runs ever to solo singing. A popular tenor is worth extra pay, and as necessary in construction work as in grand opera. If the contractor won't hire musical talent, the padrone will. An accident depresses the whole camp, and probably leads to desertions. Brave and untiring when rough, dirty work is to be done, the moment an Italian is hurt he wants a priest, and his courage departs, and with it the courage of the colony.

His elations are fully as dangerous. He fuses at about sixty degrees Fahrenheit, and rises to ninety in the shade in a wink. Six words over the manipulation of a wheelbarrow, and a group will fairly explode with excitement. Add a little beer to the gayety of a Sunday afternoon, and, presently, a knife-fight is going *allegro fortissimo*.

But the ordinary knife-fight is not troublesome to an experienced superintendent. He usually settles it before a serious stage has been reached. From the lookout his weather eye has been alert, and when trouble begins he is on the run for the thick of it. Despite the universal belief that an Italian can carry a grudge about for years, getting his revenge at last, his quarrels are chiefly of a momentary nature. The word is passed, and zip! out fizzes the seltzer. Just grasp the nearest hand that holds a knife, however, and grip it hard a minute, and the fighting energy is gone, along with the hatred. An Irish-American superintendent makes for the ringleader, gets him by the back of the neck, and holds him helpless for an Anglo-Saxon cursing. "Letting him blow off," is the phrase for this operation. In two minutes the laugh bubbles out all around, marking the end of *that* quarrel—positively its last appearance.

Not Much Gun-Play

REVOLVER-FIGHTS are rare in camp, and, though knives are second nature to the Italian, it is said that instances in which persons of another nationality are hurt are hardly worth counting.

One day, in a railroad camp, the superintendent dashed into the depths of a long bunk-house, separated a knot of fighting Italians, knocked a few heads together, and administered a cursing that brought venomous hisses from the dark bunks. Only when he turned to walk back through the long, gloomy corridor did he realize where he was. But he wouldn't retreat other than with his face toward the light, and so started back confidently, he says—yes, he walked down that line between those bunks with the *laisser-aller* of a gentleman in a high hat passing a tough little boy with a hard snowball. But at the door a shout of laughter followed him. "A-ha! Geeorgeeo! Fox-a da boy. Slick-a da Geeorgeeo!"

On the whole, there is far more good than bad in these kaleidoscopic natures. Sometimes the Anglo-Saxon employer finds it difficult to translate it from the Latin. But for square treatment from an employer or boss the Italian makes ample return in loyalty and affection.

A much more serious form of trouble in the contract camp is blackmail. Even when the Sicilian has been eliminated it crops up, seeming to run through Italians racially. After a few weeks in camp there come to the surface instances of money being extorted by threats. The notorious "Black Hand" society is greatly overrated, and said not to exist at all as an organization. Blackmail is usually levied by private enterprise. Demands for small sums are made on thrifty laborers, and the "black hand" is signed to them to add more terror. Fear often makes it difficult to run down offenders.

In fighting this evil, contractor and padrone combine. It is to the latter's interest to have a camp fully manned by contented workers, making profitable trade for his commissary. So, to guard against terror that might depopulate the camp, he employs spies who work as laborers with the rest, paying them a bonus out of his own pocket. Thus he is informed of such demands, singles out the scoundrels, and safeguards the force with the contractor's aid. Frequently the industrious, intelligent laborers in camp will come together when blackmailers appear, and aid in detection and punishment.

A Very Important Person in Management of Italian Labor

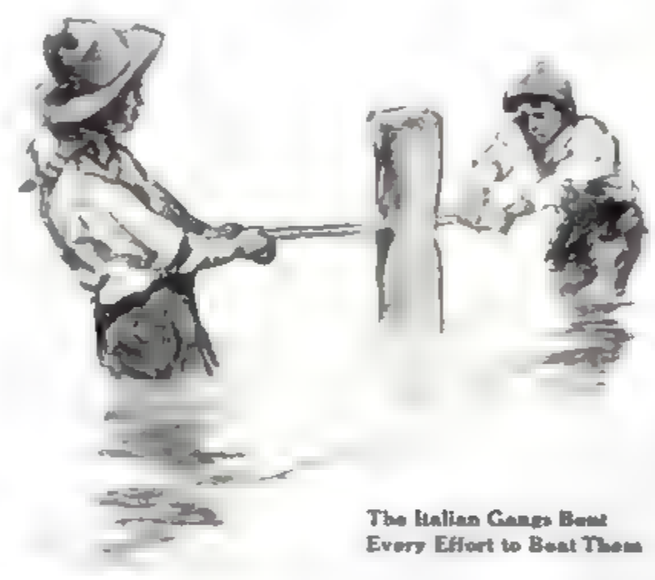
The padrone is always an interesting figure. His spy system protects him against bad debts, too. For while laborers depend on him to find work, they regard it as commendable to cheat him out of profits and commissions. Often a rival padrone will plot to lure half the force to another job, in which case the spies bring word of ringleaders who are active in arousing secession.

So far as food is concerned the Italian is frugal. But he will spend on display. In the padrone's stock, therefore, can be seen black bread and seven-dollar patent-leather shoes. He also sells hundreds of pounds of candy every week. Italians have a sweet tooth that is never sated. One prominent New York contractor, when he goes to pick out a force, fills his pockets with peppermint drops and walks among the candidates, making friends. The padrone's profits are large. He likes a camp far in the wilderness, free from competition of stores. His bank account is heavy. He probably owns tenements in New York. Yet talk with him about prosperity and he is instantly depressed. Isn't trade good? Ah, yes—he cannot deny it. But then he has "da beeg axpense."

An Italian laborer does not look so enthusiastically as the Irishman on racing at his work. Where the latter was instantly afire at the thought of beating some other gang on the job, an Italian prefers to adjust his pace to that of the weakest man, and asks: "What-a da use?" But a shrewd foreman has ways of getting spurts of energy out of him—"athletic contests," as he calls them.

In days now gone by it was the practice to put one Irishman at work with fifteen or twenty Italians. The former did twice as much, and got double pay, while the Italians hustled to keep up with him because he was of another race. Of late years, however, it is difficult to find Irishmen who will undertake unskilled labor. Italians invariably like the Irish, and fraternize with them wherever met.

When the "athletic contest" is started on a racial basis, however, it is usually taken up without quibbles. In building the North Carolina pulp-plant there came a nasty job of sawing off piles, men standing in a river up to their waists. The superintendent hired several gangs of the



The Italian Gangs Bent Every Effort to Beat Them

Carolina mountaineers who a few months before had been hostile to Italians. They were set at sawing off piles, and had no sooner appeared on the job than the Italian gangs bent every effort to beat them.

The Italian dislikes a cold climate, and when late autumn overtakes him at work in the Northern States is likely to pack up, embark on a steamer and spend the winter in Italy. While in this country, though, he is an ardently patriotic American. Too much emphasis has been laid upon his supposed anarchistic tendencies. Some time ago the New York police found a satchel containing dynamite in the street, and in an hour arrested the owner, an Italian who was bound for Naples, presumably to assassinate the Italian king. For some hours the prisoner refused to talk, and that added to the mystery. Eventually, however, it proved that his silence was mere fright, and an interpreter found that, far from having regicidal plans, he was a contractor's laborer, and had worked at blasting, and was now going home to visit his father. American dynamite is so much better than the Italian article, he said, that he wanted to take a few sticks home to show his father what good dynamite it was.

Given any type of unskilled worker, and the employer needs chiefly sympathy, a little knowledge of racial traits and methods of thinking, with perhaps a few words of the language. These, with the "square deal," make management fairly simple. But what will act as a lever on one nationality may prove useless with another.

A United States army officer, describing the three elements that make up our army, says that the American has been taught to believe in individuality of action, the German is a good shoulder-to-shoulder soldier and obedient to the strictest discipline, while the Irishman chafes at restraint, but is cheerful in the most depressing circumstances. "The officer who can command the American's respect, the German's confidence and the Irishman's love will be a successful commander."

Another army officer, Major Bullard, has furnished a key to the negro's character. He must *see* and *do* what you want to teach him, rather than hear. And he likes company in his work. Send him alone, and he trifles and is lazy. Send him in a squad, and he goes with snap. A call for one volunteer means a process like pulling teeth to get a single negro for special service. But a call for two makes it embarrassing to choose among twenty.

The Englishman is seldom found seeking unskilled labor in this country, but he figures prominently among the skilled workers on contract jobs. Some of the very employers who value his ability as a workman hesitate to put him over others as foreman because of his national disposition to preserve caste lines, and also because he is an inassimilable unit wherever the Irishman is employed.

He Seems to Need Only a Red Sash and a Tin Dagger to be Fit to Step into the Chorus of Bandits in Italian Opera

The Slovak and Polak have less intelligence than the Italian, but are not the industrial tumbleweed that he is during their first years in this country. They send down strong roots wherever employment is found. Their first savings go into homes, and, having this stake in the community, they are more stable than the migratory Neapolitan and Roman. They stand up to the hottest work in furnace and steel mill, and are not so easily exploited by overlords. Both the Pole and Slav love a fight, especially one with a theological basis. But their combats are seldom anything more than tremendously unscientific fist encounters, and as they take place on the combatants' own premises, at wedding feasts or Sunday celebrations, are not considered complications in management.

The Hungarian stands on a level with the Italian and Jew in intelligence, and settles down as quickly as the Pole and Slav. The first generation finds him at work in mill and factory. But his second generation produces trained mechanics, physicians, pharmacists, attorneys.

As for the Jew, while he masses in ghetto and sweat-shop, and grows from these into trade and small manufacturing, his mechanical ability is often noteworthy. Already, in a thousand factories about New York, he is a metal-worker and machinist, while outdoors he is also found working as a bricklayer, plumber, etc. Popularly credited with a dominating love of barter and gain, his real passion is for education, with which he takes industrial training. Cooper Union, in New York, is to-day his university and technological school.

When the "Greenhorn" Period has Passed

NO MATTER where he comes from, the immigrant is a tractable laborer during his "greenhorn" period, and often a cheap one. But the sharp-witted Italian, Greek and Hebrew, and even the less acute Slavic races, need only a year or two to get their bearings. From that time they make progress. Some soon rise out of the ranks of the pick-and-shovel men, while those who remain common laborers become so expert in marketing their services that to-day, say employers, no class is getting better payment for its labor, and the trend of wages seems to be always upward. At the same time, the energy and ability is unmistakably in the other direction. The Irish, German and Scotch laborers of the last generation got half as much pay and gave twice as good service.

Despite impressive statistics of immigration, unskilled labor is never too plentiful with us. Our scheme of civilization makes no allowance for a coolie class. We depend on importation, and the imports, turned at large in a fat land, disappear like last year's German toys.

Upon sympathetic, skillful management, therefore, the employer of pick-and-shovel men must depend both for his supply and its efficiency. The ablest employer gets the most men, and gets out of them the best service.

Yesterday it was Pat, Fritz and Sandy in the trench. To-day it is Giuseppe, Sophocles and "John." To-morrow it may be Rham Dass and Gunga Din, and the day after that the anthropophagi. The problem looks formidable in theory. But the contractor's superintendent, so long as they have arms and legs and are human, says, "Let 'em come."

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of articles by Mr. Collins upon modern methods in the management of employees

A CLEAR FIELD

By MARY STEWART CUTTING

"

AFTER the first shock of surprise, and the rapid questionings and reassurances from below, Philip and his companion settled down quietly to wait for release. He felt an extraordinary triumph in the situation; whether she wanted to or not, she would have to stay with him for a while longer. There seemed to be a great deal of tinkering and consultation and bustle going on beneath them, and a ladder was called into requisition to help off the occupants of the lower cars. The car that hung down behind them was empty, and the one in front was occupied by a couple embracing peacefully in full view of all spectators. Their own position seemed peculiarly isolated—the very commonplaceness of the scene below lent an air of mystery and exaltation to their detachment from it. The white tents loomed up through the semi-darkness with those gimlet-points of light around them; portions of the dark, moving crowd were now straggling apart, now welded together; over by the grape-juice stand the tingling noise of glasses mingled with the voices of the barkers and the faint strains of the band in the circus tent, still playing Waltz Me Around Again, Willie. Here, swung up under the belated moon that passed and repassed through those shifting clouds, he and she had left earth behind. The soft, damp breeze that blew the strands of her hair from her forehead and touched the lips of both might have come from some spirit world far, far beyond.

Yet, as he looked at her he raised his hand involuntarily to his eyes.

"Do they pain you?" she asked at once.

"No, not really." His tone took on a new earnestness. "You don't know how much better you're making me feel. For the last few hours I've been going down bodily into the depths. I'd gone almost clear under when you came."

"Oh, you must never do that; you must never let yourself go, whatever happens," said Miss Hallowell, turning to him with a lovely note in her voice. "It's the only thing that really matters. I've found that out, when—perhaps you know that there is no one left belonging to me?—there have been times that looked pretty hard——" Philip felt her clear eyes on him. "Yet I never had the worst to suffer; I didn't lose courage, because—but maybe you don't care to hear?"

"Oh, I do," protested Philip.

"All the time I was so sure of being helped that I *rested* in it. I never felt alone. It wasn't anything I did—it was just—God—and the people who are gone, who are a part of Him. And that makes me feel so sorry when I see any one who is discouraged, for I couldn't have *lived* if I had been discouraged." Her tone, in spite of the startling sentiment of her words, was sweetly, frankly matter-of-fact, as if the words were usual ones, that had been often said. "You see, even all my people—dying—didn't make that kind of difference to me. They had always cared for me—oh, more than you can imagine! Anything that hurt me hurt them—and I have always felt that they were living, though we call that kind of life dying, because we don't know any other name for it. I have always felt helped—and loved. And that is what makes me so sorry for any one who is discouraged—because I've been so fortunate. To help them is the only way I can give back the help that has been given to me. Perhaps you think it's odd for me to speak in this way—but it's just my profession of faith, the thing that I have to tell, so that people will understand."

"I see," said Philip, with as much of the same matter-of-factness as he could command, and the swift thought that, if the heart company of the dead had so encircled her, it must have been all the heart company she had known. With that thought came, unbidden, another, of the stout, cheerful mother, the frost-bitten aunt, and the cherubic grandmother, their prosaicness somehow transfigured by their adoration of the girl; tender women who had been hurt by anything that hurt their child. A picture came before him; he seemed to see with surprising vividness for the first time—as if that picture had been transferred from Constant's brain to his—the long winter days when she had waited for his letter, which never came, sensitively pretending that she didn't expect it, so that those kind eyes wouldn't suffer for her—a poor, little, shaming maiden tragedy of non-fulfillment.

"We talked about life and death once before," he said soberly.

"Yes!" She turned to him a face of light, though her vivid smile did not seem for him. The moonlight was in her voice; as the breeze lifted she held her scarf closer around the soft whiteness of her bare throat. "That was a wonderful hour; it has always seemed part of a dream. Did you ever find your rule of life?"

"No, I've managed to get along famously without it. I've always got what I wanted. I remember you thought everything would come to one if one only willed hard enough. Did you try it?"

She laughed. "Oh, yes! I spent my time willing things once. I wanted to live in a fairy story, and go to a ball every night and have a hundred roses sent me every day. Then I found that there are some people to whom things never come as they do to others; they have to find their happiness another way. Oh, my scarf, my scarf! There it goes."

The breeze had lifted it from her neck. They watched it floating away and downward; it made them seem very high above.

"Don't look down. It may make you dizzy," he commanded.

"Indeed, it doesn't bother me at all," she returned with a quick change of tone. "Oh, is the wheel beginning to move?"

"Yes," said Philip grudgingly.

"Poor Mr. Dunning, I hope he's not worn-out waiting for me. At any rate, I've made you forget your eyes for a few minutes, haven't I?"

"Oh!" said Philip, feeling extraordinarily taken aback. He went on stiffly: "Thank you, for your efforts. My eyes will need to be better. I've a lot of reading to finish to-morrow morning, and a criticism to write."

"Mr. Johnson!" Miss Hallowell looked horrified. "You oughtn't to try such a thing."

"It's got to be done."

"Well, then, let me help you!"

"Thank you. I don't wish to impose on your good nature," said Philip, indescribably annoyed at being considered only in a pathological light.

"Nonsense! Don't be silly!" She pleaded as if the cause was hers, not his. "Let me see. Will ten o'clock to-morrow be early enough? The sitting-room won't be sufficiently quiet, nor the piazza. I'll come out to the seat under the tree by the brook."

"Very well," said Philip, "if you insist. But," he added irritably, "I can see quite well enough to do my own writing yet."

As he stepped out of the car on to the platform he bumped clumsily against some one and, looking up, saw the sallow, smilingly-expectant countenance of Dunning. It was like giving up Constant to the maw of a crocodile. With the cool adroitness of experience he pressed the outstretched, detaining hand of Mrs. Lumley, without stopping on his way to join a party of friends who, broadly outlined in the near-by circle of an electric light, were evidently leaving the show. A few moments later their motor had deposited him at The Nook.

Philip woke the next morning in what he himself realized was an abominable temper. He felt as cross and fractious as a spoiled child. Everything seemed to have jarred on him from the night before—what he had said and what he hadn't said. He had spent half the evening with Miss Hallowell, yet what use had he made of it? All the interest she had in him was simply as regarded his eyes. His eyes! He couldn't get rid of the ache, or burn or blur whatever it was, it was there waiting for him as soon as he got up. It was folly to boast that he could read or write anything. Would Constant keep to her offer, which he had met so boorishly? He had promised himself last night to telephone to town the first thing in the morning for some roses for her—but now in his discouragement the idea seemed to have lost its pressing insistence. She was not a girl who expected such attentions; any later time would do as well to send her flowers. He began to feel that enormously undermining power of self-sacrifice in another, against which it is one of the most difficult things in life to stand morally upright. But the next instant his face had reddened at the stinging thought that, sheeplike, he was following the path he had scorned. He hurriedly dressed and telephoned for the roses; he wanted to order a hundred, but contented himself with half the number. He had a wild desire to shower gifts upon her, which it chafed him to curb for the looks of the thing. He could do nothing this morning that made him pleased with himself.

He had hoped to see her at breakfast, but he had overslept and was late to the meal; nearly every one had disappeared from the long tables, where napkins rolled into rings of birch bark, or fastened into strange shapes by pins, lonesomely indicated the places of their owners. There remained at the board only Mrs. Freeling and her son, Banker by name, a mild, pale, greedy-eyed little boy, whose small hand always reached out for any remnant of food left upon the white dishes within his radius, though his mother sought unfailingly to keep his wants supplied. She greeted Philip now with a warmth that soon explained itself:

"I see you don't take cereal. If you don't use all your cream in your coffee, would you mind letting my little boy have it? Now, I do hope I'm not robbing you. Banker likes cream on everything, even his fishcakes. Miss Hallowell usually leaves some in her pitcher, but she seems to have taken it all this morning; some people eat so heartily! Banker, dear, those are Mr. Johnson's muffins. Oh, very well, then, love; say 'thank you' to Mr. Johnson. Are you going on the walk, Mr. Johnson?"

"No," said Philip shortly.

"I promised to go, but I am a little uncertain about leaving Banker," proceeded Mrs. Freeling tentatively. "He wants to stay at home and play with the other boys, but I don't feel that it's exactly safe to leave him unless some one keeps an eye on him. The last time when I came back I found him crying under the parlor sofa, because those rude boys threw mud at him. When I heard that Miss Hallowell wasn't going I just mentioned the subject to her casually, but she didn't respond at all, although people say she's so obliging. Any one can see that she is just crazy over Mr. Dunning. She kept him out on the side-piazza until twelve o'clock last night, talking.

The Tones of Her Voice in Reading Were Just What They Should Have Been

Mrs. Lumley told me that she heard them out there. Sweet little woman, that Mrs. Lumley—she is so sincere."

"Very," said Philip dryly.

He escaped as soon as he could, and went back to his room until the walking-party had started off in form, with drinking-cups and cameras slung over their shoulders. Then he went down on the porch and waited at the end of it, apart from that group of eternally-embroidering matrons. Miss Hallowell came past once, but she merely bowed as she hurried on. After a while he took the book under his arm and, stick in hand, wandered off with a pretense of jauntiness, feeling very forlorn and alone. There had been times before when a mere eyelash in his eye had nearly driven him crazy. Now, he was always trying to brush something out of his eyes that wouldn't brush out—that was there, no matter what he did. He found his way to the seat under the big chestnut tree, with a brook gurgling over the stones under some arching bushes at the side. He threw himself down on the short, warm grass, and opened his book, a new and weighty tome on the Egyptian dynasties, a subject on which he was recognized as a sincere, if minor, authority.

There were mistakes in this which he particularly wished to point out, and conclusions from which he differed. But the effort was hopeless, he couldn't read half a dozen words consecutively. All those nights and days when he had worked so hard, regardless of warning, they were all, all in vain! What remained? As he sat there with his head in his hands those awful thoughts made him their prey once more. He lived many years in darkness, left out of everything—he was dying, still in darkness.

"Oh, you're here!"

"I beg your pardon." For a moment, in that dreary tunnel of his days, he had forgotten even Constant Hallowell. "I thought you'd reconsidered your determination."

"No, I came as soon as I could." She sat down beside him, her white skirts making a circle on the grass, and took up the book. Her presence near him seemed to breathe, as ever, both alluring warmth and freshness, but her tone was the entirely businesslike one of a trained nurse. "You shouldn't have tried to read. I've brought my fountain-pen and a pad to take down your dictation. I'm not a very rapid stenographer; you must have patience. You want to go over some of this, don't you?"

"The last chapter, if you please," said Philip submissively.

The dreamy girl of the moonlit space had gone; but it was an intelligent woman who put her mind at his disposal now. The tones of her voice in reading were just what they should have been; he almost lost consciousness of her in his interest in what those tones conveyed. When she put the book down and started in to take down his dictation her coöperation was at once stimulous and light.

"I Have Had Such a Day of Roses"

She was quick to find the references he wanted, quick to perceive their bearing on his point. When he stopped to formulate she divined at once, with no little correlative misunderstandings. Most people take what is said to them from the standpoint of their own thought; do you state an opinion, describe a person, state a fact, they see, modified or perverted by that medium of their own consciousness, their own preconceived ideals Constant had the faculty, possessed by but few, of visualizing from the consciousness of the other mind, from the viewpoint of the other. Philip's words, he felt, conveyed to her exactly what he meant the words to mean.

Sitting Back in the Corner by a Closed Window, Tête-à-Tête with Dunning Over the Card-Table

The sun grew high above them—veered to the westward. When the work was finished, it was one o'clock, and dinner was at half-past.

"I must go in now," said Constant.

"Oh, wait a moment!" he urged. "You've been so good to me. You must be tired."

"Not at all," she returned politely. "I've been very much interested. I think you've done fine work this morning!"

"Sort of swan-song, eh?" said Philip grimly, and taking tally of the dazzling flecks of sunlight that wavered through the leaves over her hair, her cheek, her bare arms, and the whiteness of her dress. "I sent for some roses for you to-day. I hope you won't be offended."

"Sent for roses for *me*?"

Philip quailed; it was the tone he dreaded. He felt hot and crestfallen. "Oh, please like them," he pleaded. "Are you to be the only person to give? But I don't want you to dislike them and keep them; I wanted them to give you pleasure." In spite of himself, his voice trembled. "I wanted them to please you so much that you wouldn't give one away to a person in the house."

"Well, then, they shall please me just as much as that," she said quickly, with a sweet humoring of his mood.

"Why couldn't you have said that before?" he murmured hotly.

"Do leave your eyes alone!" She snatched his hand down from them. "For Heaven's sake, don't rub them any more. Why do you look like that? We have had such a pleasant morning."

"Have we? I've never been so miserable in my life. I begin to know what slow torture means ——"

"Oh, don't, don't!" Her professional tone was entirely gone; it had given place to a note of yearning pity. "Oh, please, don't say that! Can't I do anything? Here—let me put my hand over your eyelids for a minute. I've dipped it in the brook. Is that better?"

"Yes," said Philip, longing to snatch the hand and kiss it. "Will you come out here again this afternoon? It's so nice and cool."

She shook her head. "I'm afraid not. I've promised to play cards with Mr. Dunning—he gets so tired reading."

"Oh, he's fortunate," said Philip. "Now, I ——" He made a gesture full of bitterness.

"Oh, yes, yes, Mr. Johnson, I *will* come! For a little while—at four o'clock. I'll bring something to read. But I can't come earlier."

"Very well," said Philip in secret triumph. He would get ahead of Dunning, anyway; he would have what he wanted!

At four o'clock! The hours lagged till then. He passed through the sitting-room twice after dinner, and saw her sitting back in the corner by a closed window, tête-à-tête with Dunning over the card-table. He heard Dunning's pleased laugh as she spoke. He might be ill, Philip thought grudgingly, but not so ill as to let her drag her own chair over for herself; not so ill as to have to keep a girl in all this bright summer afternoon and let her wait on him hand and foot—he was the kind of a man who would keep his wife waiting on him hand and foot all her life.

Philip himself took his pipe and went to the trysting-place early—too early, for the time lagged still more in that green solitude, where every leaf seemed tremulous for her coming. He dozed a little, and woke up with a sense of joy; the clock in the steeple of the white village church in the valley below was striking four. Five minutes past—five more—ten more—another ten—she had not come. He walked up and down, up and down. The light grew long and slanting; far off a crow cawed across the quiet field beyond the woods. Apart from that there was an utter silence. The hour was immeasurably peaceful, but Philip felt anything but peaceful; he was consumed by an unrest such as he had never dreamed that he could experience. Why didn't she come? Why did he have this to bear when he had so much to bear anyway? His imagination filled the emptiness beside him with her lovely figure. He could see her sitting beside him, white-gowned, leaning a little toward him, so near that he could have put his arms around her (next time he *would* put his arms around her), yet when he turned she was not there. There are moments when the sense of the absence from the beloved person is so great that it partakes of the nature of eternity—one seems to be deprived of it forever and forever.

Philip realized desperately that this was no pleasurable state of attraction, such as had stirred him many times before for charming women; he was possessed instead by the malady of love—no phrase, but an ailment as torturingly, feverishly real as the smallpox, and as impossible to get relief from at will.

She was coming now! He hastily took a couple of steps down the path, caught himself by the branch of a tree from falling over its projecting root—and was confronted by the oncoming figure of Mrs. Lumley.

It was impossible ever to mistake Mrs. Lumley for any one else. She walked by a "method," leaning obviously upon her spinal column, her chin elevated, and her feet pawing the ground in front of her, with a little backward rest on each one before advancing the other. When she sat down she sat down altogether, so to speak, in one comprehensively relaxing movement, without preparatory bendings or adjustment.

But she did not sit down now—she came on to where Philip stood awaiting her, smiling. She was dressed in a lilac muslin with laces and ruffles, with an air of pending festivity about her.

"Well, of all things! I was just wondering if I'd find you here," she said agreeably, smiling up at him. "Don't you want to go on with me to the Stillwells'? They're having a tea this afternoon, and I'm to pour."

"Thank you, I'd love to; but I'm afraid I'm not in trim," said Philip with a dramatic glance at his creased flannels. He mendaciously forestalled any demurring encouragement. "Besides, I've an engagement myself at five."

"Oh, I'm so sorry," said Mrs. Lumley, easily, with graceful relinquishment. "Do walk along a little way with me, anyway. Really, I envy you your afternoon out here; we've been having such a time at the house. Mr. Dunning has had one of his attacks. I think he ought to have a nurse, but I suppose he doesn't want the expense. He always thinks he's dying, you know, but he never really

accomplishes it. Poor Miss Hallowell had to rush off for the doctor – the telephone is out of order – and get hot-water bags and all sorts of things. I think she does entirely too much. She looked desperately tired; but, as she said, there really didn't seem to be any one else to do it. I can't stand that sort of thing, myself, at all: it affects my nerves at once. I just went to my room and locked myself in, and I didn't get any peace there; Mrs. Freeling was spanking Banker, across the hall. She spanks him every afternoon, so that you can *never* take a nap; the walls are so thin you can hear everything. Well, I suppose you can't come farther. Take care! Didn't you see that stump?" She stopped and looked at him with surprise. "You walk as if you were lame."

"Yes, I've sprained my foot a little," said Philip quickly. "I'm afraid I can't go any farther with you now."

"Well, good-by, then!" she smiled up at him, giving him her hand in lingering farewell. "By the way, if your foot troubles you, how would you like to go with me for a little spin to-morrow morning? I'm to have Mrs. Stillwell's runabout; she's going to town."

"Ah, town claims me to-morrow—worse luck," said Philip lightly. "Thank you, just the same, for thinking of me. And for Heaven's sake, keep out of my way," he added savagely to himself, as he retraced his steps and sat down moodily on the bench beneath the tree. Couldn't that woman ever realize that if he wanted her society he was capable of asking for it? He bent his head upon his hands. What was he to get out of life, anyway? What he had got this afternoon—nothing? He heard a soft rustle of skirts, and looked up to see Constant Hallowell. She had her arms full of roses, and she came straight over to him, sitting down at once and bending toward him, saying anxiously, as he did not lift his head:

"I hope you did not mind. I really couldn't come before."

"Oh, I minded fast enough—more than I ever minded anything in the world; but I heard—I knew you were kept away," he mumbled. He knew that he should ask if Dunning were better, but the words stuck in his throat. It was terrible to feel as lost in the world as he had been doing. He blindly stretched out his hand and took hold of a fold of her white gown, without speaking.

"Oh, you poor boy!" she said below her breath, as if she had divined everything that he would say. She murmured a few minutes afterward, as if the words were wrung from her:

"And I can do so little for you!"

"You're comforting me now, lots. You know it, don't you?"

"Yes."

"And do you like the roses?"

"Very, very much. I love the roses."

"That comforts me, too. Your voice sounds a little breathless, as if you were tired. I shall begin to judge everything by sound soon, shall I not? *Are* you tired?"

"I'm resting now. Yes, I'm tired; but it's not the kind of tired that hurts. I got the doctor in time; everything is going nicely at present. I wish I could make you feel better!"

"Do you? Will you let me say what a cad I was once upon a time?"

He could feel her involuntarily stiffen, before she answered gently, after a slight pause: "You may say anything that you want to."

"Well, then, forgive me!"

"Oh, I forgave you long ago. I couldn't forgive myself for being such a foolish, dreaming, impossible sort of child." Her face flushed. "But I came out to read to you—not to talk. Shall I begin? They say that this is very amusing."

"If you please," said Philip humbly, yet with a secret thrill of triumph. He had got his way, after all.

He never knew what she read about. When she had finished the story and went back to the house to dress for the evening meal, he delayed following. He felt clean drunk with the thrill of her presence, her cool, helpful hand, the beautiful, candid curves of her figure, the candid tones of her lovely voice. She was the Goddess of Compassion! Oh, she was the woman he loved as he had never thought of loving any one. He leaned upon his hands, dizzy. Impersonal as was her interest for him, yet it would go hard with him if he couldn't make it personal—if he couldn't lure her heart to him while she pitied. Every advantage his position could give him he would take.

Other women hadn't regarded him as unlovable! She was so divinely young, in spite of her sweet years of discretion—younger than he had been since the age of fourteen, as he felt with an amused, sacred, adoring tenderness. She had carried his image once in her heart—he could make it live if he had a chance. And he had it—if she didn't know where her compassion would lead her, he did! It should bring her to him. The very greatness of his calamity would make the claim on her hold past all breaking. The man Dunning, poor fool—what claim on her pity could he have compared with the claim of one to whom she would be eyes and light and the very means of communication between him and his kind—a man who was going blind? If he couldn't win her with that, need ——

A man who was going blind! Philip raised his head and looked on the ball of the setting sun, fiery red between the trees. There was no glory of sunset—but dark, leaden clouds above and that ball of red fire, burning itself into his dull vision, his dull brain, as the words he had spoken to himself scattered and seared him now, with the stricken knowledge of what this implied. He—to snare her through her heavenly pity—let her bind herself for life to a helpless thing, a man who couldn't tell daylight from dark, from whose sight her beauties must be forever hidden, who wouldn't know how to move a step, or live—who would even hardly know how to eat—a man who was going blind! He was filled with a breathless horror, a breathless loathing of himself, so overpowering that it swept him off his feet—he lay upon the ground as if he had been hurled there, as if he would burrow into the concealing earth to hide himself now and forever. Tie her sweet beauty, her measurelessly loving heart to a thing like him!

"Oh, if I ever sink so low as that!" he muttered between his teeth, with clenched hands and a forehead damp with agony. Something seemed to break within him—the torture brought relief in its very sharpness. Oh, not all the unselfishness should be hers! His love turned into something ineffably gentle and strong and protecting, as he whispered to himself brokenly: "No, dear—dearest—I wouldn't let you do that. Dearest, lovely Constant, I'll never let you do that; never—so help me God!" A new, inexpressible tenderness, such as a mother might feel for her child, filled all his being.

He did not see her again until late in the evening. He was leaning against one of the piazza posts as she came past, some of his flowers in her belt.

"I have had such a day of roses. Are your eyes any better?"

"No—worse. But I'm going to town for a little while on the early train to-morrow, anyway." He was verifying his casual words to Mrs. Lumley. "I've some business to settle up; I'll be back at noon."

"But"—she hesitated, and then went on straightforwardly. "You oughtn't to go in alone, ought you? Isn't

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THE FRENCH SITUATION

By David Graham Phillips

ASK the next man you meet what he thinks of the French Republic; the chances are you will get some such answer as this: "It will probably be upset to-morrow, or next day, by some 'man on horseback.' Lately it seems to have been playing smash with the French army and navy. A rotten excuse for a government—but then, what can you expect of those hysterical, fickle, degenerate French?"

This opinion fairly indicates the result of nearly forty years of campaigning with "tainted news" against the heroic efforts of the French people to realize their democratic aspirations.

Why should France and the French be the object of such a campaign?

In the first place, France is the only large republic in Europe; the other great governments, being monarchical, do all they can to discredit it, lest its pernicious "liberty, equality, fraternity" should again become contagious and infectious. The monarchical press of Europe—and that means all the important newspapers of England, Germany, Austria, Italy and Russia—systematically and on principle misrepresent wherever possible every political event in France that has any bearing, direct or indirect, upon the question of republic or monarchy. And, as most of the foreign news in our own papers comes either directly from England or from sources under English influence, we hear about the French Republic chiefly what snobbish, royalty-worshiping, republic-hating British journalism permits us to hear.

In the second place, the French Republic is ostracized by the "best people" in France. They are contemptuous of republican institutions—sigh and scheme for the return of upperclass rule that would "put the vulgar herd back in its proper place." Thus, the Parisian newspapers which cater to the "best people," and so contain the most scholarly and cultured articles, are as sarcastic, as prejudiced, as contemptuous in writing of the republic and its doings as the leading London papers. Of all the forms of misrepresentation, that in the interest of party or faction is the most reckless, because it is so securely self-righteous.

In the third place, the French Republic has tried—most successfully—a large number of experiments in extensive public ownership and control of public utilities. Now, the aristocracy of high finance in Europe has systematized to perfection the control of newspaper press and political magazine. It is easy to imagine how the large capitalists, eager for "good things" and most anxious that ideas of public ownership and public control be checked and stamped out, would regard, and would order their editors and hack writers on politics and economics to regard, the French Republic with its "socialistic experiments."

In the fourth place, the French Republic, in establishing itself firmly, has been compelled to attack an aristocratic, monarchical clique, powerful in the national church—a clique that was in large part responsible for the deplorable confusion attendant upon separation of church and state.

The Argument of Action

TO COMBAT this far-reaching and energetic and most adroit propaganda of prejudice and downright lying, the republic has been aided by no counter-propaganda whatever. All it has been able to do has been to go sturdily along, making history, refuting prophecies of its downfall by persisting, refuting assertions of its weakness and corruption by showing itself strong and honest. And the inherent carrying power of the truth is signally demonstrated in the rapidly rising suspicion, even here in far-away America, that there must be something good in a government which has so steadily grown in the affections of forty million people.

The truth is, the French Republic is just emerging in triumph from the last, and in some respects the greatest, crisis in its history. It has won out after a hard fight against forces of great power, both without and within French borders; it has established itself beyond probability of overturn. On September 21, 1792, the republic was first proclaimed. That was just under one hundred and fifteen years ago; yet such is the difficulty of accomplishment in human affairs, and such were the peculiar difficulties in the case of France, it was not until this year that the French people were able to breathe freely and say: "At last we have the democracy we have dreamed of and fought for and worked for since 1792!" Three times in one hundred and fifteen years the republic has been actually inaugurated. Twice the combination of overwhelming forces from without and from within submerged it. This third republic, often sore beset during the thirty-seven years since it was erected upon and out of the ruins left by Napoleon the Dull and his silly, ignorant wife, has never quite yielded—is at last as firmly founded as our own democracy, upon the intelligent vigilance of a patient, radical-conservative, make-haste-slowly electorate, resolute and enlightened.

The internal curse of France has been a highly centralized political system, built up by the French kings through three hundred years of almost incessant foreign wars and perfected by the first Napoleon. This system, concentrating all power at Paris, and there in the hands of a few, made it comparatively easy for a clique to take advantage of a confusion of their own creating and use the centralized civil and military power to substitute, overnight, monarchy for republic. Such a system, interwoven in the entire fabric of French life, and to a great extent necessary to holding France strong against neighbor foes, could not be abolished, or even sensibly altered, without long and patient labor; and the French people, industrious, serious, lovers of peace and order, could not work in any other way. Each time there has been violence in France it has been provoked and precipitated and compelled by the disorderly, tyrannical aristocrats and royalists goading the people to frenzy.

The easiest branch of their government for the people to recover control of was, of course, the civil administration. When monarchy had once more wrought ruin in 1870, the people, by means of a previously hardly-won universal suffrage, did get enough say in their own affairs to set up a republic in form and to reach out for complete civil control. But this was not a quick nor an easy task. We, who have

our rings and our bosses, our intrenched "interests," will readily appreciate the obstacles that beset the French people -the specious royalist politicians, the eloquent demagogues, the appeals to prejudice disguised as patriotism or religion—all the familiar but potential trickeries which enable a class, numerically small, to rule and mislead large masses of their fellow-men. No man lives who, however shrewd and alert, has not many times been cozened into courses he afterward saw were directly contrary to good sense and to his own interests. How much easier it is to mislead in politics a mass of people, inexpert in public affairs, full of the human passion for blind hero-worship, credulous to the plausible tongue and the false promise made with all appearance of serious candor. The wonder is, not that self-government is so imperfect and improves so slowly, but that it exists at all.

The Man on Horseback Ideal

IF, IN our present internal struggle with "the interests," we had, in Canada and Mexico, two neighbors as powerful as ourselves and only waiting a favorable chance to declare war on us, and if we had in addition a sectional question as acute and imminent as was the strain between North and South over slavery in 1860, we should be in a position of some such difficulty as has perplexed and harassed the French in their aspirations for, and movement toward, democracy.

However, in spite of many disheartening obstacles, the democratic French masses did finally compass the expulsion of the pretenders to the French throne and, about ten years ago, got full possession of the civil branch of their government, got in their national congress a working majority of sincere, inflexible believers in republicanism and democracy, not to be seduced away and not to be fooled by adroit appeals to false patriotism through cleverly faked-up war scares. That was not an hour of triumph, but an hour of greatest peril. For the thoroughly alarmed reactionaries of all kinds—royalist, aristocratic, financial—hastened to sink their differences and combine. They still had control of the army and the navy and were powerful in the organization of the church. They saw that they must either oust the republic from control of the civil administration or must themselves be gradually encroached upon and ultimately subdued.

"Patriotism," said Johnson, "is the last refuge of a scoundrel." It was the refuge of these imperiled representatives of graft and caste. They raised the cry that the republic was "unpatriotic." Back to the strong France that believed in God and country! Their first joining of the issue was by way of Boulangism. They took up General Boulanger, handsome chasseur d'Afrique, idol of the army and of the crowds, hailed him as the prospective savior of France, which the "weak and wicked republic has all but ruined." A strong man was needed if the Germans were not again to take Paris; Boulanger was the man!

Fortunate indeed it is for good causes that the leaders of bad causes are so often below the human average in short-sightedness and stupidity. Several times, while Boulanger was at the height of his popularity, with the openly and secretly reactionary press and politicians egging on the Parisians in idolatry—several times the republic could have been upset and a military dictatorship declared. The reactionaries, despising their republican adversaries overmuch and fancying they had the game securely in their own hands, missed those chances, each faction of the combine fearing another would reap the advantage. Boulanger and Boulangism fizzled out. The republic, greatly encouraged and strengthened, dropped its policy of mere defensive and made ready for active attack. The democratic statesmen had discovered that France, thanks to the railway and the telegraph, the newspaper and the diffusion of education, was no longer merely Paris; that Paris, though still leader, was by no means dictator. They had discovered that the faded and frivolous aristocrats of the salons of the Faubourg St. Germain and the aristocratic high officers of army and navy were better at conspiring than at executing.

The first move was to get possession of the army and the navy—especially of the army. An army is everywhere necessarily a closely-centralized body; only thus can discipline, unity of action, be obtained. The rank and file of the French army was, naturally, republican the sons of artisans, farmers, laborers. But an army is not its rank and file, but its officers. And, under laws contrived by the Bourbons and never repealed, the high officers of the French army, the men who alone had the technical education necessary in military positions of large command, were, almost without exception, royalist and aristocratic, scions of the "best families," personages in "society."

Nominally, the civil administration had the power to select the high controlling officers and to displace them; actually, it was powerless. For, to change the heads of the army was simply to substitute one set of aristocratic officers for another, when all the high officers were of the "upper class" and, controlling the military schools and the examining boards, had seen to it that only the right sort of young men got conspicuous and important commands and opportunities for strategic and tactical experience. To throw the aristocracy out of the army was to disorganize the army; to disorganize the army was to lay France open to the invader; to make her thus helpless, was to frighten the French people into assenting to a counter-revolution that would rid France of an administration so insensible to patriotism and to prudence. Yet, if the republic was to become an actuality, it must get possession of the army and navy, must not be in hourly peril of overthrow through some conspiracy among these aristocrats in absolute control of France's whole military machinery.

The work of taking power away from the controlling coterie of aristocratic officers was begun, slowly, cautiously. But the reactionaries were on guard. They took alarm immediately; the Dreyfus conspiracy was hastily cooked up, and was sprung. Instantly, all France was in a turmoil.

Vive l'Armée! the Cry

SUPPOSE, again, that we were hemmed in by nations as powerful as Germany and England; suppose the heads of our army were to announce the discovery of traitors among the officers. Would not we straightway, to a man, rally to the support of the army, shout down and destroy any who dared assail the patriotic and indispensable chieftains who stood between us and a triumphant invasion of the enemy? Would we not threaten to tear to pieces as traitorous any one even hinting that those chief bulwarks of the national honor and national safety were themselves the traitors? "*Vive l'armée!*" was the cry, and the democratic leaders saw that they must put off their attempt.

They knew the anti-Dreyfus campaign was a trick, because of its source and of the timing of the explosion to combat their democratic projects, and quietly they set about discovering the nature of the trick in all its ramifications; meanwhile, what could they in prudence do but sit tight, join in the patriotic acclaim, and keep things steady for the republic, so that the army clique would be unable to find pretext for advancing to overthrow it? This they did; and once more the republic would have fallen, despite their efforts, had the enemies of the republic been agreed as to what should be substituted for it.

It became apparent to the democratic leaders that, if the republic was to attain a position of security, the next attack must be upon reaction all along its line. To attack in one place was to enable the reactionary forces to concentrate there in too great strength to be overcome. A political program must be organized which, as soon as the Dreyfus agitation subsided, should move to dislodge the enemy at all points.

Waldeck-Rousseau felt that it would be impossible to free the republic entirely without secularizing it, as the American Republic is secularized. But he saw also that, to do this, meant to tear up and to tear down ancient institutions so intertwined with the national life of the French people that they were an integral part of France itself. He saw that, however wisely, however moderately, however sympathetically this work was done, there could not but be frightful wounds, temptations to excess beyond the power of human nature to avoid. He saw that whatever statesman undertook the task would inevitably rouse a storm of execration that would drive him to ignominious retirement. Whether because Waldeck-Rousseau had not the courage or because he knew he was stricken of a mortal disease, he retired from the Prime Ministry. And Emile Combes became Prime Minister.

An Attack Along the Line

WHAT Waldeck-Rousseau anticipated came to pass. Those who applaud and those who condemn and deplore the course Combes took should remember and consider what can be said on the other side. However, drastic laws were passed expelling the religious orders, which were, in large part, officered from the old nobility of France, and laws were enacted decreeing a separation of church and state. At the same time the Dreyfus case was reopened, the perfidy, folly, wickedness and stupidity of the inside army clique were exposed, and swift changes in the organization of the army were thus justified and compelled. At the same time, Camille Pelletan, a democrat whose father and grandfather had given their lives to democracy, was put in as Minister of Marine, with orders to oust from the navy the aristocratic clique, root and branch—a grand attack all along the line. And Combes and his lieutenants held to the program, though the "better-class" press of France, the press of all Europe, the press of America, clamored and denounced; though war scares, first with England and then with Germany, were got up to create a diversion.

When Combes had finished his work, had democratized army and navy and politics, had ended forever all possibility of internal royalist, aristocratic intrigue, he took his burden of obloquy, just and unjust, and went silently away into the wilderness, broken in health, but not in spirit. And, whatever may be the feeling about his policies and methods while in office, none can withhold admiration from this self-sacrificing self-effacement—this refusal to try to retain or to regain power, because such a course would delay the healing of the wounds for which he is blamed. And to-day, chiefly because of his splendid self-sacrifice, the storm is already subsiding, the wounds are rapidly healing. The army is under the control of sensible, efficient republicans, high officers who are freeing it of royalist, aristocratic dry-rot and favoritism and drawing-room dandyism, and are bringing it up to the standard of those wonderful democratic armies of the First Republic that swept away the aristocratic armies of the rest of Europe as the wind sweeps dead leaves from dying branches. The republicans are reorganizing the navy on a basis of merit, instead of the old basis of caste. Whenever there is a strike at a navy yard, or an explosion on a warship due to unavoidable deterioration of smokeless powder, we read in our newspapers that the French navy is showing how completely the corrupt and crazy demagogues in control of France have disorganized it.

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The Deceased Wife's Sister

TO PROCURE a repeal of the corn laws, upon which the agricultural population of England believed that its prosperity depended, was a comparatively simple matter. It required, from the time the agitation became well organized to Peel's act of 1846, something like ten years. Agitation for a repeal of the law prohibiting a man to marry his deceased wife's sister has continued fifty years.

The most amiable man we know positively cannot keep his temper when he sees a certain friend's children eating between meals. We have known a banker personally to love an anarchist, but grow purple with indignation against a relative who docked his horses' tails. It is quite safe, in intelligent and friendly company, to start discussions of religion, the tariff, capital and labor, government ownership. It is when some one observes that Mrs. Simpkins is probably justified in permitting her elder daughter to receive the attentions of the liveryman's son that the party is in danger of breaking up in a huff.

A great king, we hear, is bored, and we do not wonder He can exert an influence only upon treaties, trade laws, taxes and dull things of that kind. He cannot prevent cabmen from wearing their hats on the back of their heads, nor exercise at all that intimate control over another's personal affairs which is so inextinguishably precious to the human heart.

Repealing corn laws is quite simple. But shall a man marry his deceased wife's sister? Well, a million Englishmen will know the reason why!

If we were king we would let everybody vote and work and pray as he chose, but we wouldn't let Thompson trim his whiskers that way if it took every bayonet in the royal army to prevent it.

How Rates May be Lowered

THE Texas Farmers' Union asks the legislature to lower freight rates. Probably most similar bodies the country over would do the same if the subject were brought before them. It has been abundantly demonstrated, however, that nearly all farming communities have it within their own power materially to lower freight charges.

Practically speaking, no farm produce reaches market without having passed over a common road, and it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that, at the current level of freight rates, the road-haul is as important to the farmer as the rail-haul. It has been shown that the same force which will move one ton on a poor earth road will move four tons on a good macadam road. In a horse, as in a locomotive, there are just so many ton-miles. Team, wagon and driver are simply engine, cars and crew in little. The railroads find it profitable to spend millions yearly in straightening curves and reducing grades in order to get the greatest possible service out of their equipment. The farmer would find the same policy, applied to roads, equally profitable, but often doesn't see it clearly.

Respectable authority has opined that to move a ton a mile over the common roads of the country must cost, on an average, twenty-five cents. If that be so, then it costs the farmer on an average as much to haul a bushel of grain twelve miles to market as the railroads charge him to haul the same bushel a thousand miles from Chicago to New York.

Figure the average haul to market at five miles, or a dollar and a quarter a ton; take the annual marketed quantity of grain, cotton, hay, livestock, dairy products from the Agricultural Department's Year Book and get a rough idea of what the farmers pay yearly for the road-haul. Nearly a hundred and fifty years ago, in England, it was noted that by improved roads the hauling of grain was done with little over half the number of horses formerly used.

This subject is not less important to the farmer than freight charges, and to deal with it is within his own power.

An Improved Centennial

THE Columbian Exposition at Chicago, which was a great success and left a great deficit, gave a tremendous impetus to big fairs. A hundred million dollars, at a modest estimate, has been spent on staff palaces that disappeared in a single season, giving place to Deficit, which was more lasting. No locality is without some event that is a century old, or fifty years, or at least a decade, which proper local pride might desire to celebrate. It began to look as though Deficit would be a tolerably universal condition.

One intelligent method would have been to organize a World's Fair Corporation which would provide collapsible palaces, statuary and scenery, setting up the same in any city that desired to hold a fair; also, providing speeches, fireworks, brass bands and historical atmosphere at so much per square yard.

But New York has invented a method even more intelligent and admirable. The one-hundredth anniversary of practicable steam navigation befell the other day. Probably only a metropolis would have had the courage to let the event pass without a fair. New York, however, displayed her leadership and met every requirement of the occasion by requesting the tugboats to toot their whistles at noon.

For the famous fairs of St. Denis, Champagne and Bruges there was excellent reason. When travel was mainly by boggy bridle-paths, and the lone merchant escaped amateur robbers merely to fall into the more expert clutches of the Lord of the Manor and his toll agents, the more fairs the better. Nowadays, however, the rule does not apply.

The Alton Serial's Last Chapter

WE HAVE waited a long while for the second installment of the Alton serial; yet with patience, for we were sure it would come in time.

How the Harriman syndicate secured control of the road and increased its capitalization from thirty-four millions to one hundred and fifteen millions, issuing sixty-two millions of securities, behind which there "was not one dollar of consideration," as the Interstate Commerce Commission pointed out, is quite familiar to the public.

But there is no profit in merely issuing securities. They do not print the pretty chromos just in order to keep them. The new issues included, roughly, fifty millions of bonds. Of course, investors will buy bonds. It also included nearly forty millions of stock, actually thinner than water. For this stock there was only a meagre investment demand. Obviously another chapter remained to be written.

We have it now. The Clover Leaf has bought a dominating block of Alton's stock. Official announcement says the road will issue its "collateral trust bonds," secured by deposit of the purchased Alton stock. No doubt, when the money market eases up a bit, investors will buy these "bonds"—although they would not buy merely watered stock. And the investing public, which buys the various issues of bonds, and thereby supplies all the capital actually represented by the Alton, will have never a word to say about its management. That will rest absolutely with the Clover Leaf.

The syndicate story is never complete until it reaches this delectable state—where the syndicate and its successors have all their money back and have the road, too.

One Good Thing About Adam

WE DO not believe in always speaking good of the dead any more than we believe in lying by rule in any other respect; yet we are glad to commend Adam for having failed to deposit that dollar a day, at compound interest, in a savings-bank—which you have seen mentioned in some of the pamphlets received from those institutions. Had he done so all the money in the world would now stand to the old gentleman's credit, and he would probably be working for his board in a charity woodyard.

We are glad that about one person in ten, taking the country over, has a savings-bank account, and heartily wish it were five in ten. But do not lose sight of the fact that, as money accumulates, interest rates fall and its purchasing power declines. Formerly ten thousand dollars yielded seven hundred a year interest, which would build a cottage. Now it yields three hundred and fifty dollars interest, and the same cottage costs fourteen hundred. If Adam had a trillion in a savings-bank, Mr. Rogers would offer him a ham sandwich for the use of it; Mr. Harriman, a suit of second-hand clothes. He could take his choice.

When money was scarce and dear, to be out of debt was a sign of prosperity—from which state we derived some philosophy that lost much of its sanction as money became cheap. Nowadays, the most prosperous gentlemen are precisely those who borrow most.

Socialists mistakenly regard the number of farm mortgages as a proof of agriculture's low estate. As often as otherwise farmers borrow just as the railroads do—to improve and expand. Conversely, three and a quarter billions of savings-deposits are by no means a conclusive fact. If the old recipe, to save up a little capital, start in business and become independent, were working even as well as in Poor Richard's day, there might be less money in savings-banks.

Habituation to Murder

DISGUST and abhorrence are the emotions universally evoked here by Italian and Armenian murder societies. Yet all of them had their remote origins in an aspiration to liberty.

In Italy, under a government as wretched as ever afflicted human kind, assassination became part of the political system. Up to two generations ago in the Romagna the Carbonari, fed by patriots, and the San-Fedists, supported by the government, made a bloody rivalry in discouraging political opponents by the dagger.

When the Russian Douma refused to condemn the terrorist propaganda, probably it had the countenance of a very large section of public opinion in this country. One who observes will hear more expressions of satisfaction than of regret when some epauletted butcher of the bureaucracy meets a violent death. That feeling arises from the generous hatred of an odious tyranny. But habituation to murder is a mighty bad legacy for any people.

With the World Against You

WE ARE sorry that Senator Tillman, having been pretty universally condemned for his recent utterances and conduct, discovers himself to be the victim of a gigantic conspiracy to injure his political prestige and destroy his peace of mind.

The world is full of just such conspiracies, and we know scarcely anything in life more unhappy than the poor man who becomes the object of one of them. If, for example, you make it a point to offend the host every time you go calling you will find that the whole world is banded in a sinister league to crush your social aspirations. If you persistently indulge an innocent proclivity for breaking glassware you will discover that all hotel-keepers belong to a union the sole object of which is to kick you out. Even the churches will join hands to humiliate and annoy you if you always stand up in meeting and blackguard the minister. We have heard of authors who, by painstaking experiments with bad copy, proved that every editor in the land belonged to a repressive conspiracy. We knew a man from Wyoming, much given to loose use of opprobrious epithets, who got licked four times in one day, and needed no further evidence that mankind was neglecting other business in order to damage his personal appearance.

Men of essentially modest spirit, observing that a large majority of boots come their way, have been led to examine themselves with a view of determining whether the explanation might not be found in their own actions. Those who cling to the conspiracy idea naturally fare unhappily.

Mr. Taft's Embarrassment

SECRETARY TAFT might write an essay upon veracity, citing ex-Senator Chandler and Mr. Storer as notable exemplars of that virtue; or declare that no family should, in any circumstances, contain more than three children; or let it be known that his own personal observations of the caribou convince him that the Reverend Mr. Long is one of the greatest living authorities upon the habits of that noble beast. He might take to breakfasting in bed at ten o'clock, and denounce all bodily exertion.

The able and admirable Ohioan, in fact, occupies an extremely delicate position. His Columbus speech, regarded by the press as a keynote, illustrates this. It was a first-rate speech, advocating excellent policies. But we have heard the speech before, and are very familiar with the policies. They have been presented to us with a vigor of which only one man has the secret; in a hue beside which any other must appear merely a polite pink.

What is recognized, in its main drift and outline, as the Roosevelt policy is deservedly so popular that probably no man will run for the Presidency without declaring sincere attachment to it. The nice problem for the candidate is to effect this attachment in such a manner as will not give him the general appearance of a tail to a kite. He must subscribe to the Roosevelt doctrine, but not as a mere "P. S." or even only "Ditto." For Secretary Taft, naturally, this problem is peculiarly delicate. How to reflect his chief, and yet not in a merely lunar manner?

Perhaps he will ponder the subject on his trip around the world.

WALL-STREET MEN

THE latest recruit to the ranks of industrial captains camped within the sheltering shadow of Wall Street is Theodore P. Shonts, who left the comparatively trivial task of digging the Panama Canal to solve the traction problem of New York City. Perhaps it might be better or more appropriate to say that he has just launched his craft, for the Interborough-Metropolitan Company, of which he is president, has been described as a "colossal group of franchises entirely surrounded by water." Few enterprises are so intimately bound up in the financial fabric of Wall Street, for the master minds that guide it are those of August Belmont and Thomas F. Ryan.

Mr. Shonts faces a staggering job. On the one hand he has the traction magnates hungry for profits; on the other hand he has New York's millions of people clamoring for better cars and quicker service. He literally walked into a maze of investigation, protest, kicks and suits that would have dismayed a man of less nerve and smaller calibre. But then Mr. Shonts is used to work, and you must keep in mind the fact that he had a dose of Panama. They say that when he wants to have a little fun he works a little harder.

His career has been an animated one and it is dotted with achievement. As a boy he had an ambition to be a lawyer. He was working in a bank. He studied at night and was admitted to the bar. Railroading interested him. He wanted to build things, so he decided to try it; whereupon his law partner, a bluff old Iowan, said: "You are spoiling a first-class lawyer to make a second-rate railroad man."

But he stuck at it, and before long he was general manager of the "Three I's"—the Indiana, Illinois and Iowa Railroad. He became a master builder among the Western railroad builders. It was not until he was president of the Clover-Leaf Railroad that he got into the limelight, and this is the way it started:

President Roosevelt wanted to start on the Panama Canal, and he wanted a strong man to handle the job. One day he was talking about it to Paul Morton, who said, "If that was my canal, I'd get Shonts to run it."

"Who is Shonts?" asked the President.

"A Western railroad man who does things," was the reply.

From Panama to "Inter-Met"

THE "does things" phrase struck the President. He made Mr. Shonts chairman of the Isthmian Canal Commission, and when he went to the canal zone he did make the dirt fly. He kept the post until he accepted the presidency of the "Inter-Met," as it is called on the Stock Exchange. Just how he was able to back out of the Panama Canal job is one of the unsolved mysteries of public life. But it is a mascot that he will need in the big game he is playing now.

This is the kind of man who is to-day the physical arbiter, just as August Belmont is the financial arbiter, of New York's great traction empire of nearly a thousand miles of track—surface, elevated and subway—over which more than a billion people ride every year. He is stocky, sturdy, deep of chest, with firm jaw, and his sharp, gray eyes gleam behind his glasses. He talks with a soft, velvet voice, but what he says is straight to the point. His whole attitude suggests compact power. He works at a big mahogany table in a corner office on the seventeenth floor of the new Trinity Annex, at 115 Broadway, where the clang of the cars that he operates does not even reach his ears. He is a terrific worker and his subordinates have a hard time keeping the pace he sets. He is at his desk until seven o'clock every business night, winter and summer. He eats as he works. His luncheon usually consists of a chicken sandwich and a glass of water. He lives at the Hotel Gotham. When he does take a brief respite from work, he goes for a horseback ride in Central Park.

I asked Mr. Shonts the other day how the Panama Canal job compared with the New York traction problem. He smiled and said:

"The Panama Canal problem is a fixed one. The traction problem changes every hour." What he didn't exactly say, but what he implied, was that digging the big ditch was child's play alongside the proposition he is up against now.

During his whole business life he has worked by this rule: "I never leave my office until my desk is cleared."

The result of this, he says, is that it keeps his work behind him, not *on* him, and he can plan for the future.

Rogers and Competition

AS THE business world knows, Henry H. Rogers, the Gray Eagle of the Standard Oil Company, is the sworn enemy of competition. His is one of the iron hands that have crushed competition in the oil industry. An old friend tells a characteristic story of the oil baron's attitude in such matters.

Rogers and this friend, so the latter says, were out walking when they came to a prosperous-looking manufacturing establishment. The friend remarked, "I have been trying to get hold of that plant, and can't. What would you do?"

Rogers looked the building over a minute and said:

"Build a plant next door and put him out of business. That's all."

"Aunt Hetty" the Money-Lender

WRITING of Wall Street men brings to mind that one of the ablest figures in the Street and a real power in the financial game happens to be a woman. Ask any one of the big fellows what he thinks of Hetty Green and he will say that she measures up with the best of them. Every once in a while you may see her walking down Broad or Wall Street. If you didn't know who she was, you would size her up as a poor widow about to tell you a hard-luck story. She also looks like the traditional mother in the New England "heart" dramas. She is tall, with big frame, strong face and white hair. She always wears an almost shabby black dress and an old black bonnet with streamers of black crêpe flying from the top.

Although Mrs. Green, or "Aunt Hetty," as she is often called, is seventy-two years of age, she is as active in business as she was twenty years ago, when she was building up her tremendous fortune, which is estimated now at fifty million dollars. Her income is over four thousand dollars a day. With the exception of Mrs. Russell Sage, and perhaps one other, she is the richest woman in America, and she is the foremost woman financier in the world. Among the money-lenders of Wall Street she stands near the first. She has millions in cash at her disposal all the time, and when it comes to lending it she knows neither creed, race nor sentiment. Somebody said of her the other day: "In a trading proposition, Russell Sage was a philanthropist alongside Hetty Green."

Mrs. Green has an office in the Chemical National Bank on Broadway, just off City Hall Park. She is one of the principal holders of the stock of this bank, which is about the most valuable of any New York bank, or, in fact, any American financial institution. A share sells for $5400. She does business at an old roll-top desk. When the bond salesmen come to see her (she is one of the heaviest buyers of bonds) she talks to them through a hole in a partition.

One of the cardinal rules of Mrs. Green's business life is: "To spend money uselessly is a sin."

This is one reason why she is so rich. There are hundreds of stories of her economy and frugality. The only time she was ever known to use a cab was to make a quick trip downtown to a bank that held some of her money. She heard the bank was about to suspend.

Once she sold a large block of securities to a Philadelphia house. She carried them down to her broker's office in her famous black bag. "How much will it cost to send these securities over?" she asked.

"Fifty dollars," was the reply.

"Humph," replied Mrs. Green, "I can take them over for four dollars." And she did.

Where the Money-Kings Lunch

OLD "Commodore" Vanderbilt, father of the New York Central and maker of millionaires, used to rush out of his office at lunchtime, grab a piece of pie and a glass of milk, and then quarrel with the lunch-stand owner over the pennies in the change. But the luncheon methods of the money-kings have changed since his day. The major-generals of high finance believe in being well fed, even if they have to take their food in a hurry. Many of them combine eating with business, for every minute is sometimes worth money in Wall Street.

Mr. E. H. Harriman, for example, usually has his luncheon sent up to his private office in the Equitable Building. He spreads it out on a long table and talks to his visitors as he eats, often mingling words and chops.

Many of the great railroad systems, including the Erie, the Lackawanna, the Chicago and Northwestern and the Illinois Central have dining-rooms connected with their offices, and the meetings of the directors are held near lunchtime, so that they can continue their deliberations at the table.

The big banks, too, where many important noontime conferences are held, have a similar arrangement. This is notably true of the National City Bank, where James Stillman presides over many meetings at luncheon.

The Standard Oil crowd eats at a restaurant in the company building at 26 Broadway, while scores of the big financiers, including many of the insurance directors, meet at the Midday Club on the top floor of the big building known as "25 Broad." Here, twenty-two stories above ground, have been hatched many of the great financial conspiracies of the Street. There is a restaurant in the Stock Exchange for the members.

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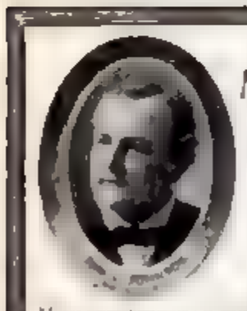

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With the [illegible] in the way of First Mortgage [illegible] Very few [illegible] loan as per [illegible] in our successful [illegible] Write today.
Equitable Banking & Loan Co Macon, Ga
ON A SOUND BUSINESS BASIS

Your Savings

THE WORK OF WALL STREET

SINCE Wall Street is the financial heart of the nation, and consequently the very centre of the investment business, it follows that its work and meaning are of interest to every investor with savings. In fact, no matter how small is your investment, or how trivial your savings, you are bound in some way to that great artery which is the best known and perhaps least understood street in the United States. If you have an insurance policy, for example, the company that issues it has some of its funds invested in Wall Street; if you ride on a railroad, that road has, in all probability, been financed in Wall Street; if you are a farmer out West, the money with which you pay your harvest-hands has come from Wall Street, and if you have some of your savings deposited in a bank you will find, in all likelihood, that some of its deposits have been sent to New York to be invested where they will receive the highest return. Thus, unknown to yourself, you are connected with that vast and powerful machine that not only regulates the finances of the country, but fixes the prices of the securities in which you invest, and on which you may depend for your income.

Now, what is Wall Street, and what does it do?

In the popular mind it is a person, an entity, and frequently a very rapacious one, with its fingers dug deep in the pockets of the people. But the real truth is that Wall Street is simply a great business institution. Its story is the history of the financial, industrial and agricultural development of the United States. Within its precincts the first Congress sat, and George Washington took the oath of office as President. There is reference to it in every issue of every newspaper published in this country.

Wall Street, to begin with, is the name of a street in New York, but in reality it means the whole financial district of that city, which includes a considerable area. Wall Street itself is a narrow, almost crooked, street that runs from Broadway, where old Trinity Church stands as a tall brown sentinel, east to the East River. On the intersecting and parallel streets are huge office buildings where the railroads and giant corporations have their main offices and whose securities form a large part of the medium for investment and speculation. These are the camps of the captains of industry. Yet a man can have an office in the Waldorf-Astoria, or almost anywhere else outside the district, and be "of" Wall Street.

Wall Street got its name from a wall or stockade built in the thoroughfare to keep out Indians, in the old days when New York was a Dutch city. Late in the eighteenth century some merchants met under a buttonwood tree near where the Sub-Treasury now stands, to trade and sell stocks. These men, who dealt in hundreds of dollars, were the forerunners of the brokers of to-day who deal in many millions. For Wall Street, stripped of glamour and technicalities, is simply a place to trade in and to make or lose money.

What the Stock Exchange Does

The principal feature of Wall Street, and the institution which has the principal interest for the investor, no matter where he may live, is the Stock Exchange, for there could be no trading in stocks and bonds without it. This magnificent marble building which faces on Broad Street, with entrances on New and Wall Streets, is the stage for the most dramatic feature of Wall Street, which is speculation. Yet the Exchange is not a stock-gambling house entirely, as many people think, but a vast trading place whose business amounts to billions of dollars every year and where the prices are fixed for the securities that the whole country buys and sells.

In nearly all the large cities there is a stock exchange, but these other exchanges deal mostly in local securities. The New York Stock Exchange is the great exchange of the country. There are 1100 members. Each one has a "seat," so-called because the original members years ago had stalls or seats. A seat has been known to sell for $93,000. They are only sold when a member dies or goes out of business. The

Mallory CRAVENETTE HATS

Mallory Cravenette Hats appeal to men who dress well. They are stylish. Mallory Cravenette Hats are kept more strictly up-to-date in style than any other make. They have qualities of material and workmanship found only in the highest priced hats.

Of all hats made, they alone have the added "stay new" quality which comes from the famous cravenetting process. This makes Mallory Cravenette Hats the only hats that are rain proof and sun-proof. They will not lose their shape or spot. You don't have to pay extra for this insurance against all sorts of weather.

Derbies and Soft Hats, $3.00, $3.50, $4.00

For sale by all first class dealers.

We send free a beautiful Booklet of Hat Styles for 1907. Address Department S

E. A. MALLORY & SONS, Inc.
Established 1823
13 Astor Place, Corner Broadway, New York
Factory: Danbury, Conn.

THERE ARE MANY HIGH-CLASS SECURITIES LISTED ON THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE SELLING BELOW VALUE, WHICH IF BOUGHT *OUTRIGHT* NOW, WOULD YIELD ATTRACTIVE INCOME WHILE CARRIED, AND SHOULD EVENTUALLY ADVANCE MATERIALLY IN PRICE. WE SHALL BE GLAD TO CORRESPOND WITH YOU ON THE SUBJECT.

Send for Weekly Financial Review

J. S. BACHE & CO.
Members New York Stock Exchange
BANKERS, 42 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

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You Should Secure A confidential, conservative report on your prospective or present investments in the Pacific Northwest. Our technical and commercial experts investigate Industrials, Manufacturing, Mining, Irrigation, Transportation, Lumber, Fisheries, Electrical and like propositions and report in full detail. The Mercantile Agencies, The Seattle National Bank and Scandinavian-American Bank vouch for our reliability and integrity. Consultation Department,

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These Certificates issued by this bank are free from taxation, yielding 6% without deductions of any kind and are secured by first mortgages on real estate worth twice the amount of the loan. Write for booklet "C"

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5% to 6% Full information on request.
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If you wish to invest your money where [illegible] safe and draws a [illegible] interest write for booklet "S," which tells all about the certificates of deposit issued by this bank.

FIRST TRUST & SAVINGS BANK
CAPITAL $100,000.00 BILLINGS, MONT.

TAX BONDS

Bonds issued by Public Communities repaid by taxation
Securities to net you 5% and over. Akin to a Government Bond in safety.
Send for our offerings, references, etc. Our business is national in extent.
Send your name for our mailing list.

WILLIAM R. COMPTON COMPANY,
8 Wardell Building MACON, MO.

Build with Concrete Blocks
Make them yourself and save half the cost. [illegible] A PETTYJOHN MACHINE [illegible] $33.25 [illegible] Send for booklet FREE

THE PETTYJOHN CO., 666 N. Sixth Street, Terre Haute, Ind.

BANK Advertising Copy prepared by an expert. Samples and valuable booklet sent free. Enclose clipping at present space.
ALBERT HANSON, Box 683, Montgomery, Ala.

Why Our Catalogue Should be in Every Home

Our Catalogue of New York Fall and Winter Styles makes it possible [illegible] New York Styles made to measure Suits, Skirts, Jackets and Raincoats, [illegible] Misses' and Children's garments.

It offers [illegible] at money saving prices [illegible] Waists, Corsets, Underwear, Sweaters [illegible] and shows what is being worn in New York city to-day.

Whether you have a garment made to your measure or whether you purchase any of our ready-made goods you assume no risk whatever, as we guarantee to refund your money if we fail to please you.

Fall and Winter Suits
(Made-to-Order)
$6 to $25

Our Catalogue illustrates and describes the following garments, which we make to order

VISITING DRESSES	$6.00 to $20
TAILOR-MADE SUITS	$7.50 to $25
SEPARATE SKIRTS	$3.50 to $15
RAIN-COATS	$8.75 to $18

Also a full line of the following ready-made goods

Shirt-Waists, Children's Dresses, Underwear, Corsets, Sweaters, Furs, Ladies' Coats, Children's Coats, Dressing Sacques, Handkerchiefs.

We pay Transportation Charges to Any Part of the U. S.

Write to-day for our New Fall and Winter Catalogue [illegible] free to any part of the United States. If you desire [illegible] Misses' and Children's garments, be sure to mention the colors you prefer.

NATIONAL CLOAK & SUIT CO.
214 West 24th Street, New York
Largest Ladies' Outfitting Establishment in the World
Mail Orders Only. No Agents or Branches

What Do You Know About "Time"?

Immanuel Kant said, "Time is an illusion." Elbert Hubbard says, "Kant knew." But read what Hubbard says about "time" and the

HOWARD WATCH

in his book "Watch Wisdom." We will send you a FREE copy—you can figure it out for yourself.

HOWARD Watches are sold *complete*, case and movement, at fixed prices by all dealers $35 to $150, according to quality of case, number of jewels, and the adjustments.

Write for "Watch Wisdom"—NOW

E. HOWARD WATCH COMPANY
Charles Street, Waltham, Mass., U. S. A.

C. MASPERO'S Pure Olive Oil

is the highest grade, the best, purest and finest flavored Olive Oil imported into this country. I am an expert in Olive Oils and I know all about them. I personally guarantee my Olive Oil to be the purest and best Olive Oil that money can buy.

Food and Drug Act, Serial No. 3400

Packed in cans and bottles. CANS 1 gal. $3, ½ gal. $1.60, ¼ gal. $.85

SPECIAL OFFER—To introduce Maspero's Pure Olive Oil I will send a full pint can to any address, EXPRESS PREPAID, on receipt of 60c.

C. Maspero, Importer, Dept. S, 323 Greenwich St., N. Y.
(Pure Food Specialist) Est. 1867

members of the exchange are brokers whose business it is to buy or sell securities. They charge a commission for doing so. In other words, they perform the same service that a real-estate agent does when he sells a house or lot for you.

The Tape and the Ticker

The brokers meet in a great hall called "The Floor." If you stand in the visitors' gallery and see the "Floor" in action, you may think possibly that everybody down there has gone mad. All seems to be confusion, men are rushing around and yelling while bits of white paper flutter in the air and litter the floor. Yet behind all this bedlam the wheels of a great machinery are whirling. Some brokers are buying; some are selling; profits are rising and losses are dwindling. Every broker carries a pad on which he makes a memorandum of sale. At the close of the business day, which is three o'clock, there is a comparison of sales. Sometimes a block of 100 shares of stock has been sold six times at six different prices. Yet this block only changes hands once, for it goes to the last buyer. This is done through the Stock Exchange Clearing House.

On the "Floor" you see the posts around which the brokers rally. These posts bear the names of stocks. If a broker wants to buy or sell Union Pacific or Amalgamated Copper he goes to the post that bears one of these names. Every sale is recorded, and it is this record, sent out on the tape of the ticker, that forms the basis of sales everywhere in the United States. Darting around among the brokers are the official reporters whose business it is to get the record of sales as soon as they are made. If a broker sells 500 shares of Reading at 90, it would go out on the tape as follows: "RG 500 90." To save time and space the names of the securities are abbreviated. Reading, as already indicated, is RG; Missouri Pacific is MP; Rock Island is RI; New York Central is CEN.

The transactions of the New York Stock Exchange are eagerly watched by the whole trading nation. The tape may spell fortune or ruin. If the New York market is depressed the feeling is contagious; if it is buoyant and active there is a good feeling everywhere.

Although the number of bonds sold on the New York Stock Exchange is only one-fifth of the total amount disposed of, the prices made for this one-fifth are the prevailing prices.

Fixing the Prices of Securities

Stocks are like a commodity. If there is a big demand for them they advance in price; if there is a wide tendency to sell they decline in price. When there is a big slump in the market bonds also go down in price, especially those bonds which have what is called a speculative value. Thus the interests of the average investor are closely bound up in the movement of the stock market. By manipulation the market may be forced up or down. This may be done by dumping a lot of a certain kind of stock on it.

But fundamentally the Stock Exchange is an income market, and you can go to it and purchase an income by buying stocks or bonds.

Two kinds of securities are dealt in on the Stock Exchange: "listed" and "unlisted" securities. A "listed" security is one issued by a company whose resources, earnings and record generally have been investigated by the Stock Exchange Committee and found worthy. It sometimes happens that a corporation, particularly an industrial one, cannot meet all the requirements, particularly with reference to reports of earnings. Then it is placed in the "unlisted" department. The sales of both departments are recorded among the transactions of the Exchange.

There are many securities not traded in on the big Stock Exchange. They are sold on the "Curb," which is on the street not far from the Exchange. The Standard Oil stock, for example, which is not "listed," is sold on the "Curb." There are other market places, including the Consolidated Exchange, which is a smaller stock exchange and sells in small lots, and the Coffee, Cotton and Produce Exchanges.

In the operation of Wall Street there arise the technical expressions that so often appear in financial writing, and an effort will be made to explain the most common. There are two main divisions operating in

The illustrations shown above are typical of some of the variations of human physiognomy of men.

To show all the differences that exist would require as many pictures as there are men in the world.

No two men are physically proportioned alike—no man is physically perfect. The master tailor builds clothes to individual order that outwardly correct physical deficiencies and give men the appearance of correct regularity.

You cannot purchase ready-made clothing, no matter how high in price, that will fit you perfectly any more than you can go into a photograph gallery and get a picture of yourself without sitting for it.

It really doesn't require much argument to convince anyone of the advantages of made-to-order clothes—the problem is to get the right kind of made-to-order clothes.

The AVERAGE local tailor is well-meaning, but is usually behind the times. He does a great deal of guessing as to what is correct in style; his assortment of fabrics is limited and no telling how old.

The EXCEPTIONAL local tailor will satisfy you with his tailoring, but his prices ranging from $50.00 to $75.00 a suit, are more than you should pay, and more than what the clothes are really worth as compared with the modern way of having your clothes made-to-order—

The Strauss Brothers' Way.

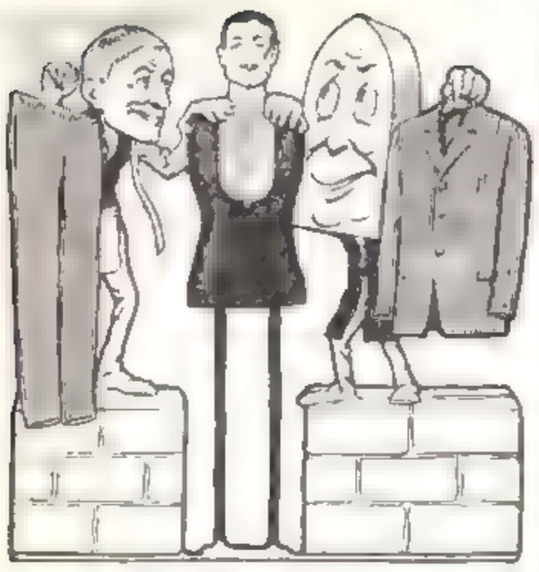
We are merchant tailors on a most extensive scale. In nearly every town we have a representative dealer who displays our large assortment of new fall and winter woolen fabrics. He takes your measurements according to our approved scientific system, and we make up the clothes for you just the same as if you had come directly to us in Chicago.

The extensiveness of our organization enables us to employ the highest grade of skilled designers and tailors. The large volume of business we do, having the entire country as our field, reduces our cost to a minimum, and enables us to make guaranteed suits and overcoats to your order for $20.00 to $40.00. At our prices you save money on your clothes, and feel perfectly satisfied.

We sell through dealers only. If you cannot locate our dealer in your town, write us for his name. "The Important Question," Edition A, our new Fall Clothes Magazine, in colors, sent on request.

Strauss Brothers
MASTER TAILORS
Established 1877
S.W. Cor. Monroe & Franklin Sts. CHICAGO.

GOOD CLOTHES ARE ALWAYS CHEAPEST



Don't Buy a "Dummy Suit"

HERE'S the kind of Man upon whom the ordinary Suit looks mighty Good—

He's made of Wood—this Fellow—he doesn't move around very much—Consequently the ordinary Suit looks as Good a year after he has worn it as the first day he had it put on.

If Mr. Dummy were the only one to wear the ordinary Suit—all would be well.

For then the Improper Cutting, the Unskilful Tailoring and above all the Hot Pressing—Old Doctor Goose's "Dope"—that are usually in the ordinary Suit, wouldn't be observable.

Unfortunately a Flesh and Blood Man—the kind that doesn't stand still but moves around a good deal—gets such a Suit and then there's trouble.

Old Doctor Goose's "Dope" "fades" away gradually, revealing the Glaring Imperfections of Cutting, and Tailoring.

The Lapels Bulge—the Collar Sags—the Shoulders Break—Sleeves Twist—and the ordinary Suit looks a very Sad Affair.

Now you shouldn't buy a Dummy Suit, Mr. Man of Flesh and Blood—You should get a Suit that will stand Wear—

—A Suit in which Style, Shape and Fit are not merely "doped" in temporarily by Old Doctor Goose but are sewed into the Fabric permanently by careful needle work.

You should get a "Sincerity" Suit for that's the way "Sincerity" Suits are made—that's why they have their name—and above all things—that's why, no matter how much you wear them, the Lapels in a "Sincerity" Suit won't Bulge—the Collar won't Sag—the Shoulders won't Break—the Sleeves won't Twist.

See "Sincerity" Suits and Overcoats at your high grade clothes shop—be sure the Label reproduced below is in the next Suit you buy.

the stock market. One of them comprises the bulls, who buy stocks in the expectation that they can sell them at a higher price. Hence a bull market is a market of advancing prices. The other division includes the bears, who sell in the expectation that they can buy the stocks later at a lower price. Hence a bear market is one of declining prices. A bull who has bought is "long" of the market. A bear who has sold is "short" of the market. A "long" who sells at a higher price than he bought is said to have "realized his profit." If he sells at a loss he is said to have "liquidated." The word liquidation, so frequently used in Wall Street news, simply means selling at a loss. A "short" who has bought stocks is said to have "covered." This may mean either profit or loss. A "bear raid" is when the bears combine and force down prices.

There are two other divisions: the public and the professionals. The public comprises the men who come into Wall Street occasionally to speculate; the professionals are those who make a business of speculating.

Other Features of the Street

But fixing the prices of securities, and providing the theatre for the large drama (it is often a tragedy) of speculation, is only part of the great work of Wall Street. It has many other important functions. The whole nation, for example, comes to it to borrow or to lend. It is the seat of the money power, and the rates of interest established are the rates that rule the money market.

When railroads or industries or trusts are to be organized the promoters come to Wall Street for the money, for here are the money kings who make and unmake industrial empires. Wall Street's banks, public and private, and her trust companies are the largest and most powerful in the country. Then, too, many of the large investment houses are located on or near Wall Street, and some are members of the New York Stock Exchange.

Thus, through panic and stress, has Wall Street risen to the place where it finances the New World and is beginning to finance part of the Old. Like corporate power, it has its abuses, but the fact remains that it is a vast, constructive business force that touches the whole American people in some way.

Pitfalls for Lot-Buyers

JUST as pitfalls are dug for the investor in securities, so are they strewn in the path of the buyer of real estate. None is worse than the subdivision lure which promises to build a metropolis over night and in which you can buy lots on the installment plan, ten dollars down and ten dollars a month. This business has now spread to nearly every part of the United States. There is a good deal of it in the East, and especially on Long Island, where "highly developed" lots are sold on any terms and at almost any price.

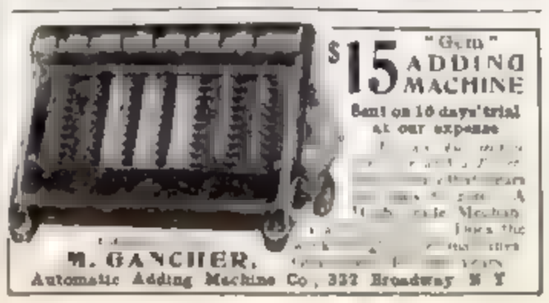
These "installment" towns usually follow in the wake of a really worthy community. The promoters buy a hundred sandy acres, plot it out in lots, go through the performance of grading a few streets and then issue eloquent literature. The advertisements show handsome boulevards lined with shady trees back of which stand cozy homes. In the distance may be seen a train or a trolley car. This picture of content and suburban ease is labeled: "One of the streets of our subdivision." On examination it will be found that there is an isolated house or two, a lonely store, and a water-tank marking the spot, a mile away, where the train stops on signal.

Yet thousands of people are led into buying lots in these absolutely undeveloped places. They are lured by glowing advertisements which read: "Lots in ——ville are as good as Government bonds and a thousand times more profitable." This is an actual line from an advertisement in a leading New York newspaper.

The tragedy about some of these subdivisions where lots are sold on the installment plan is that many people, tempted by the thrilling thought of "owning property," start to pay for one or more lots. Then they get sick, or lose their jobs, or have some misfortune that cripples them financially. Then they must stop paying their weekly or monthly installments, and the consequence is that they lose their lots and all the money they have put into the property.

Stetson Styles
Fall & Winter
1907
THE STETSON SHOE
The Stetson Shoe Co
So Weymouth Mass
OUR NEW STYLE BOOK
Showing authoritative models in Men's Shoes for Fall and Winter will be sent you
FREE UPON REQUEST
As with every article of uncommon quality, the Stetson is priced in proportion to the expenditure of time, skill and money necessary for its making, being produced without thought of cheapness in the ordinary sense of the word.
We direct your special attention to the Red Diamond trade mark on the Stetson strap, which makes identification certain. Purchaseable only at the better stores in each locality.
THE STETSON SHOE CO
So. Weymouth, Mass.
The Stetson Shoe
$5.50 to $9.00
THE STETSON SHOE
THIS TRADE MARK IN RED ALWAYS APPEARS ON EVERY GENUINE Stetson SHOE

The Pen That Inks The Point
PARKER
LUCKY CURVE
FOUNDATION PEN
See that it has the "Lucky Curve"
The Parker Pen Co., 90 Mill St., Janesville, Wis.



The "Lincoln" is the original Leather Garter

Rider Agents Wanted

in each town to ride and exhibit sample 1907 model. Write for special offer.
Finest Guaranteed 1907 Models ..... $10 to $27
1905 & 1906 Models all of best makes ..... $7 to $12
500 SECOND-HAND WHEELS All Makes and Models, good as new ..... $3 to $8
Great FACTORY CLEARING SALE.
We Ship on Approval without a cent deposit, pay the freight and allow TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL.
Tires, coaster-brakes, sundries, etc., half usual prices. Do not buy till you get our catalogue and offers.
MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. M-58, Chicago

10 Gillette Blades 25c.

Send 10 dull blades with 25 cents. 2c each for extra blades. We restore fine, keen edge better than new. Your own blades back in neat mailing case.
Chemical Steel Co., 7 W. Madison St., Chicago

A
Famous
ELGIN

The G. M. WHEELER Grade Elgin has long been famous for its accuracy and reliability. It is now in great demand in the new models.

For those who want a remarkably true watch at a very reasonable price the right watch is the G. M. WHEELER Grade Elgin.

Right in price—within the reach of everyone—"The Watch that's made for the majority."

Right in style—The new thin model in small sizes.

Right—always right—A wonderfully accurate timekeeper, and susceptible to extremely fine adjustment with the micrometer regulator.

Adjusted to temperature. Seventeen jewels. Ask to see the G. M. WHEELER Grade Elgin.

ELGINS of equal grade and reasonable price for women—desirable new models.

ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH CO.,
Elgin, Ill.

Try every shaving stick
and then try

COLGATE'S
SHAVING STICK

It's in comparison that Colgate's wins.

A trial stick, in nickeled box, proves it. Enough for a month's shaving. Sent for 4 cts. in stamps.

Colgate & Co., Dept. P,
55 John Street, New York City

KING MANTELS

Represent Quality, Style and Economy

We court investigation and unless we knew our goods should not offer to send our magnificent catalogue for 12c. (that costs us 50c. to deliver) including our book Colonial Beauties

FREE OUR "EVIDENCE" BOOK

Shows 37 catalog designs and tells what others think of King Mantels. Sold on approval. Write for any catalog number of mantels required.

King Mantel Co. 847-849 West Jackson Ave Knoxville, Tenn

PATENTS that PROTECT

Our 3 books for inventors mailed free. Highest references. Best results.

R. S. & A. B. LACEY Washington, D. C. Estab. 1869

In the Open

Summertime Professionals

IT IS a vacation diversion of the professorial mind, so I have been confidentially informed, to discuss and (theoretically) to correct the various ills which prey upon college sport; and during this passing summer at Chautauqua, and at other similar gathering grounds for those who direct the shooting of the young idea, we have heard the usual lofty sentiment coupled with the habitual resolution "to do something." Therefore, as the colleges will now soon be opening, perhaps it will be not out of place for me to indicate to these reform-filled gentlemen one flourishing garden of athletic weeds in which they cannot get busy too quickly, if the crop is to show an increased yield of peaches over the lemons now so plentifully handed out to the followers of university athletics.

The particular "lemon" which is intruding upon the college garden where only the peaches should grow, and to which I refer, is the athlete who accepts board and lodging in return for representing a resort hotel, or a fire company, or an athletic or any other club, in baseball, or on the running-track, or in any other branch of athletics.

It is a curious thing that the Union, which governs club athletics in America, should be showing the way in this weeding process to the Association that has the health and the care of college track sport in its especial keeping; but such is the fact, proven by the recent ruling of the Union and its evident determination that a college athlete must remain a college athlete during his college career, while the Association looks on, apparently uninterested in the breaking of its own rules by its own athletes.

Wearing the Brand

There is no influence more insidious or more corrupting or more far-reaching than that of the summer-boarder athlete; it is a type upon whom the brand of the professional should be stamped without delay; and yet it is a type that flourishes because the wise legislators of the colleges give it license. I suppose it is the fault of the fathers and the teachers, rather than of the boys, if the latter fail to realize the stigma attaching to an amateur paying with his athletic skill for the food he puts into his mouth at a hotel or athletic club training-table; it assuredly appears to be the teachers' part to guide the boy who represents his school on the field. Every now and again the complaining voice of the college president breaks into a wail as he stands on his chapel rooftop, looking far out at sea, as it were, for athletic "ills," while down on the campus under his very nose flourishes the most virulent form of athletic disease of which any of us has knowledge.

Would it not be advisable to begin a cure here on this spot before again raising the long howl of disapproval and of despair?

The fight the Amateur Athletic Union is making to keep sport free of the befouling touch of this summer-boarder athlete is a good fight and will receive the support of the best citizens of the land, even though it has no help from the colleges, where the initiative in such matters is naturally to be expected.

We shall all wish the A. A. U. good luck and courage in its struggle to force the colleges to keep their sport clean. And meanwhile it will be helping the good cause a great deal if the Faculties and the athletic committees combine to compel the I. C. A the Intercollegiate Association—to carry out its own plainly-worded rule: "No one shall represent any college or university as a competitor at an intercollegiate meeting who, after February 26, 1898, has attended any training-table without paying for his board at that table an amount equal to that which his board would have cost him had he not been at that training-table"—and afterward to make a new rule forbidding a college athlete to represent any club or athletic organization other than his own college during his attendance at that college. In this way, and in this way only, does it seem likely that the summer-boarder athlete will be brought to book.

A boy at home should be taught that sport is not a means, but an end in itself; that to be one of the team which plays for the athletic glory of his school or his college is to

Stein-Bloch Styles

Fall and Winter

STEIN-BLOCH Fall and Winter styles are being shown. Style is a thing that is not evolved by any one man.

One man tells you it comes from England.

Another, that it comes from two or three Fifth Avenue tailors.

Another, that it comes from Boston, or Chicago.

Each one is wrong.

Style is the result of all those elements combined, plus the personal influence of a few rich men who can afford to spend money on fits and freaks in clothes and who have a good deal of enjoyment in planning their own models.

Stein-Bloch collect style from its well authenticated sources. They send a man to the Yale-Harvard football game. Another one goes to the Grand Opera in New York. Another one goes to Delmonico's or Sherry's in New York in the height of the season. Another one goes to Newport—another to London and frequently over the Continent.

In the meantime Stein-Bloch have been getting from England and Paris the very best fashion reports obtainable. They also have been gathering together the fabrics from fashionable looms.

Then they boil it all down—a sleeve from one—a lapel from another—a collar from another—and they get a clean suit. That's what Stein-Bloch styles are. These clothes can be seen at the stores of the leading clothiers. Send for the Autumn style book, "Smartness," mailed free.

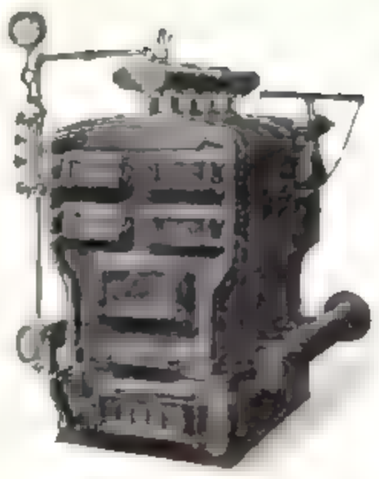
THIS LABEL STANDS FOR 53 YEARS OF KNOWING HOW.

The Stein-Bloch Co.
Wholesale Tailors
REGISTERED 1888.

Offices and Shops, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

SINCE 1854

NEW YORK 130-132 Fifth Ave.



Klymax Boilers

Kewanee Radiators

are so built that a sudden drop in temperature is not felt by the occupants of the building, as the special regulating appliances permit the operator to instantly increase the heat efficiency without increasing consumption of fuel.

The old method of placing the chain regulating the draft damper in front of the cleaning and feed doors has been discarded. Up-to-date construction places this chain at the side out of the way.

There are other features about Klymax Boilers and Kewanee Radiators which make them more efficient and convenient than other makes.

Our free book "Modern Comfort" tells the whole story of steam and hot water heating, what to do and what to avoid. Send for it to-day. A postal will do.

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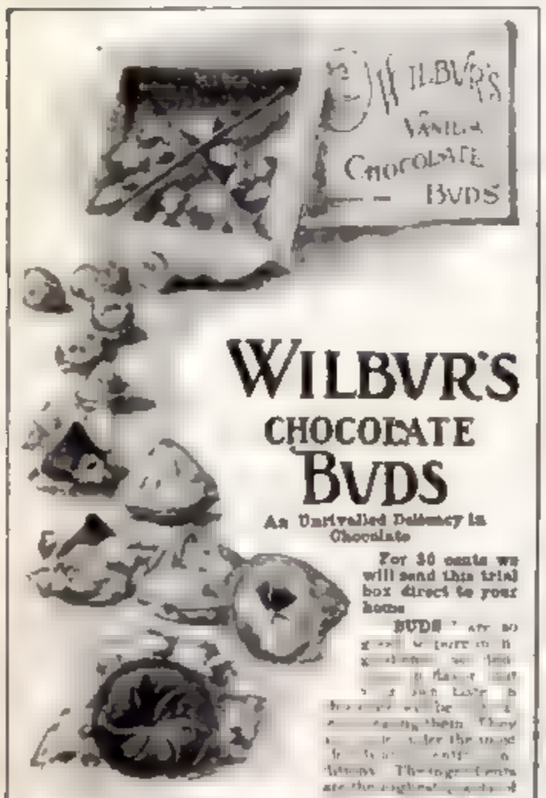

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BUDS are so delicious that they melt in the mouth like a drop of nectar. They are the original Vanilla Chocolate Buds, and are the most delicious confection that can be made from pure cane sugar, pure vanilla and the finest chocolate. The longer Buds are chewed the richer and sweeter they become. They possess that distinguishes them from all other chocolate, and they possess that smooth, melting quality which is so desirable.

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attain to first and honorable distinction in sport; that to play on a hotel nine or to run for a club and receive pay in food, like the very hireling that he becomes in so doing, is practicing deception upon his friends and the spectators who think him an amateur, to which no high-minded, manly boy would stoop. The dishonesty is not, you see, in the act itself of being supported, but in the deceit of posing as an amateur when in reality you are none, and in the unfair advantage you take over the genuine amateurs, your boy friends, who have not, perhaps, enjoyed the immunity from daily tasks that you have, or undergone the same, or an approximate, amount of grooming and feeding in preparation for the physical contest. And let me assure these boys that the disgrace is not in the professionalism itself, but in the attempt to disguise it.

The Day of the Small Boat

Throughout this present busy yachting season, of which the end is not yet, the element most to impress me and to seem to me to augur most significantly for the future has been the activity among the small boats, and especially the increase of them among the cruising fleets of the leading clubs. Perhaps this was most noticeable on the cruise of the New York Yacht Club, because this "premier" organization in the past has least encouraged the small craft of any of the Eastern clubs.

Indeed it is quite within the recollection of even the "rising generation" of yachtsmen when anything less than a forty-footer was looked upon by the committees and the nautical members of the New York Yacht Club as a mere toy, suitable for the sons of members to play with on the Sound, but not to be considered seriously as a candidate for any of the club races. Even the club's Rocking-Chair Fleet, which reckons many members and no nautical traditions to speak of, wouldn't stand for the little boats and their Corinthian pilots.

Over Boston way, where yacht-club membership has always implied more than familiarity with the matutinal salute to Manhattan, there has been small-boat racing time out of mind. Certainly there has been no lack of consideration for the small boats during the last three years, nor want of opportunity for its racing and cruising; and what the little craft and its crews have shown in both departments of the sport has proved a revelation to yachtsmen who rarely get off the quarter deck.

There may be shortcomings in some of our land sport, but mighty little of a critical nature can justly be uttered with regard to the development of the small boat interest, or as to the general conduct of its sponsors and its races. And the sentiment of yacht clubs is now widely and heartily for the full encouragement of this amateur division of the game. Very properly so, too, for really it is worth more to American yachting than all the steam palaces and the Rocking-Chair Fleets which they carry, for these "playthings" are the nursery of American yachting and yachtsmen. All the clubs around Boston, New York, Philadelphia and, where it is possible, on the lakes of the Middle West, the Great Lakes and the inland lakes, now foster the small boat interest.

All this has made and is making for the creation of a class of yachtsmen whose knowledge goes further than locating the bar button; it is developing a class of canny skippers, who will put meaning into that usually meaningless term, yachtsman—applied to every chap wearing a club ensign on his cap—and give assurance of our having fitting representatives to command the boats which may henceforth be called upon to defend the *America's* Cup.

In no direction is more being done to build up such a class of competent Corinthians than by the clubs of the West, which have their racing on the Great Lakes, where, by the way, it takes a real yachtsman to handle a boat, small or large, in what they call out there "weather." Along these lines the most meritorious effort and the longest fresh-water race is represented by the Mackinac Cup event, which a week or so ago I credited to that excellent club, the Columbia of Chicago, whereas credit should have gone to that other equally excellent yacht club, the Chicago of the same city.

And there is credit enough for both these worthy organizations in what is being accomplished in their particular section of the country toward the upbuilding of a yachting spirit.

—"FAIR-PLAY."

Fall Housecleaning

When you clean house this fall, have your home decorated with Alabastine and make it brighter, more cheerful, more sanitary and more healthful for the long winter season. The dainty Alabastine tints make the walls lighter and the rooms brighter. Alabastine is the only durable wall coating. It will not flake or scale, and best of all, when once applied, the room can be re-decorated without the bother, confusion and expense of washing and scraping the walls.

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The book, "Dainty Wall Decorations," contains designs in colors for every room in the home. It will be sent to any address upon receipt of 10 cents, coin or stamps. Write today for free tint cards and other valuable information.

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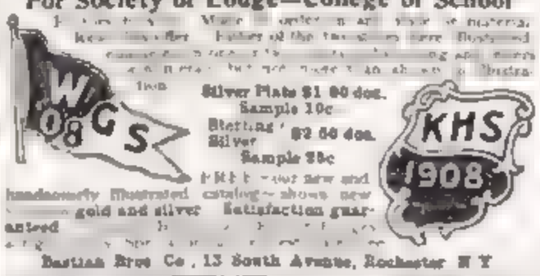

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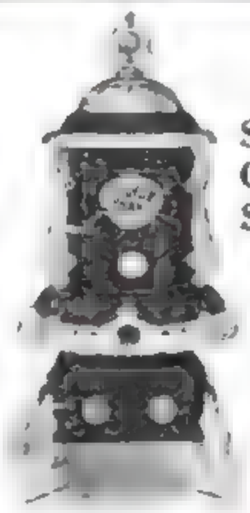
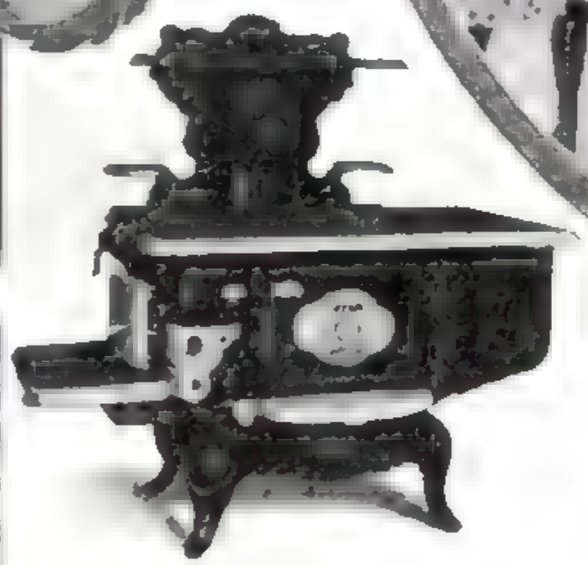


Silver Oak Stove

Sun Leader Stove



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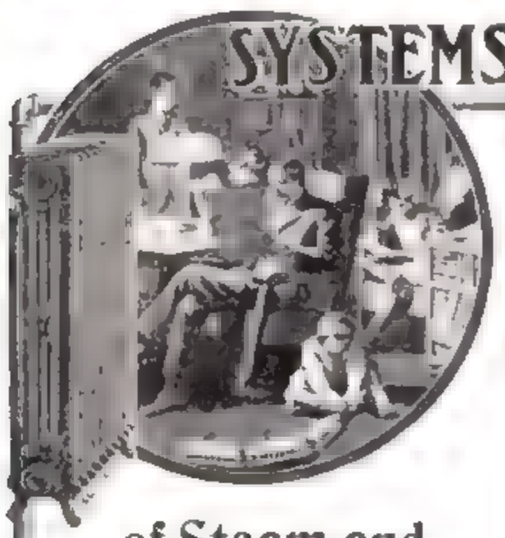
The bristles in the five hundred and sixteenth row become the front row and in turn drop out. The bristles in the five hundred and seventeenth row become the front row and in turn drop out. The bristles in the five hundred and eighteenth row become the front row and in turn drop out. The bristles in the five hundred and nineteenth row become the front row and in turn drop out. The bristles in the five hundred and twentieth row become the front row and in turn drop out. The bristles in the five hundred and twenty-first row become the front row and in turn drop out. The bristles in the five hundred and twenty-second row become the front row and in turn drop out. The bristles in the five hundred and twenty-third row become the front row and in turn drop out. The bristles in the five hundred and twenty-fourth row become the front row and in turn drop out. The bristles in the five hundred and twenty-fifth row become the front row and in turn drop out. The bristles in the five hundred and twenty-sixth row become the front row and in turn drop out. The bristles in the five hundred and twenty-seventh row become the front row and in turn drop out. The bristles in the five hundred and twenty-eighth row become the front row and in turn drop out. The bristles in the five hundred and twenty-ninth row become the front row and in turn drop out. The bristles in the five hundred and thirtieth row become the front row and in turn drop out. The bristles in the five hundred and thirty-first row become the front row and in turn drop out. The bristles in the five hundred and thirty-second row become the front

PIERCE



of Steam and Hot Water Heating

will heat your home with **comfort** and **economy**. The **comfort** is due to the ease with which this system is operated and to the uniformity with which the heat is distributed throughout every room in the house, no matter how exposed it may be.

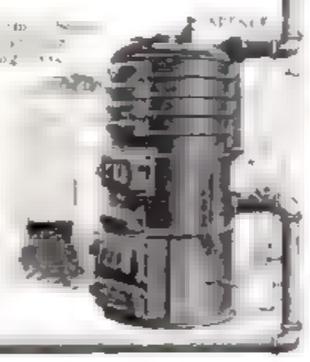
The **economy** is due to [illegible] Pierce Boilers and Radiators [illegible] The largest [illegible] in the world.

[illegible] with little or no repairs [illegible] Made in [illegible] sizes to meet every requirement. Nearly 200,000 in use. Sold through local dealers everywhere.

"Pierce Quality" Sanitary Plumbing

[illegible] Kitchen.

[illegible] Free.



Pierce, Butler & Pierce Mfg. Co.
508 James St.
Syracuse, N. Y.

Is the letter of YOUR line

	PAGE
Tailors	18
Teachers	19
Telegraphers	11
Telegraph Editors	16
Train Men	11
Typewriters	8-25
The Pencil for YOU	?

No matter what your line of work, there is a Lead Pencil made especially for *you*. **Dixon's Pencil Guide** will direct you to **that** particular pencil. It is *indexed by occupations*. Look for **your** letter, turn to the page and there you are! Guide free for the asking.

If your dealer doesn't keep Dixon's Pencils send 16 cents for samples, which [illegible] the quality.

Dept. X. Joseph Dixon Crucible Co., Jersey City, N. J.

SHORTHAND IN 30 DAYS

Boyd Syllabic System [illegible] writing with only nine characters. No [illegible] word signs [illegible] no "cold notes." Speed [illegible] can be learned in 30 days of home study [illegible] to above paper for free booklet. Chicago Correspondence Schools, 728 Chicago Opera House Block, Chicago, Ill.

Solicitors on a daily newspaper work somewhat like the reporters. They have "runs" where advertising is likely to develop. One man visits the banks and brokers, another the department stores, another the small merchants, another classified advertisers. To go out on the street and find persons who will insert fifteen-cent liners under "Help Wanted" may appear like hunting for a needle in a haystack. But it isn't. Hundreds of firms use the liners steadily—employers, boarding-house keepers, real-estate agents. This class of advertising is solicited daily, and newspapers sell coupon-books like mileage, good for 500 lines of classified advertising.

A very large proportion of advertising in newspapers is regular. The solicitor looks after advertisers' needs. He also drums up the occasional business, and develops new advertisers. The latter offer an outlet for his energy and ingenuity in what is called "creative" soliciting. On his run somewhere is a conservative merchant who has never advertised. He is afraid of cost. The creative solicitor studies that merchant's trade, stock, annual turnover and profit, his most productive lines of goods, his location, clientèle and busy days. The business will easily stand an advertising expenditure of $1000 a year. The solicitor plans to spend this amount in advertising. He selects "leaders" from the merchant's stock, writes specimen advertisements, has them set in type, and submits proofs. Finally, the merchant consents to a trial, and on the skill with which the solicitor has planned for him depend results. In most cases he is transformed into a regular advertiser.

The Ad-Man on Pies and Pins

A typical case of this creative work is that of the Pittsburg newspaper solicitor who found a pie-baker on his run. Nobody had ever advertised pies in that city. The baker thought they couldn't be advertised—what could you say about a pie? He believed in advertising, though, and consented to try some small announcements. The solicitor wrote them, and they talked of purity and cleanliness in a way that gave almost news interest—the best flour, shortening, sugar and fruit, the freshest country eggs, clean workmen and workrooms. Soon the pieman's trade began to grow, and he became a regular advertiser.

Soliciting for a daily newspaper is exactly the work to be taken up first by the young man who wants to go far in advertising. It gives him contact with retail merchants. Retail merchandizing is closest to the fundamental facts of all demand. No matter how many hundreds of thousands of dollars yearly an advertising man may ultimately spend in general exploitation of manufactured articles on a national scale, what he learned of retail trade in his apprenticeship will always be of service. He will probably have theories. Retail merchants will check them for him according to experience—how many people responded to the day's advertisement, how much was sold, what profit, what the shoppers said. Every advertisement eventually comes down to the retail merchant and his customers. Even the mail-order advertisement is a retail appeal.

The solicitor on the advertising staff of a monthly or weekly magazine finds more of this creative work to do, and firms that are able to spend larger appropriations. His work lies among the manufacturers and wholesalers. His run covers wider territory. Instead of a single city, it may extend from New York to Buffalo, or may comprise a State, like Pennsylvania or Ohio. He has his regular advertisers to visit, and keeps track of all the advertising agents, large and small, and is alert to obtain for his publication whatever is being given out. To demonstrate that his publication is necessary, he must often plan and suggest. He also spends a good deal of time getting acquainted with manufacturers in his territory who have never advertised, coaching them and encouraging as the newspaper solicitor does. Publishers of leading magazines and class journals now maintain advertising offices in New York and Chicago. The magazine solicitor is attached to such an office on salary. Many publications are too small to have a branch, however, so their interests are taken care of by solicitors known as "special agents," who represent

Are You Ambitious

—to earn more money?

Then fit yourself to be worth more—make yourself a better business man.

Are you willing to spend one hour a day for six months to double your earning capacity for a lifetime?

Thousands of men have done exactly this.

You can do it, too, whether you are earning $500 a year, or $5,000 a year.

THE Sheldon School has enabled over 25,000 men to increase their earning capacity from 10% to 100% and more, by teaching them to be better salesmen and better business men

The Sheldon School is a correspondence school. You keep right on earning money in your regular business while you take the Sheldon Course.

The Sheldon Course is just as valuable, just as useful and just as important to the head of the house as to the man on the road.

It is equally valuable to the bookkeeper, the stenographer or to the correspondent, because back of every kind of business is the principle of selling—and the man who is master of salesmanship is better fitted to discharge any of the duties of business life.

The Sheldon School

teaches you how to approach men, how to interest them, how to influence them, how to impress them favorably, how to win confidence and keep it—how to make the desirable sale regardless of odds. It teaches the big, broad principles of business as adopted and practiced by the most successful business men in the country.

Increased 100%

[illegible]

The President of the Sheldon School is Mr. Arthur F. Sheldon, who is acknowledged to be one of the greatest salesmen American industry has ever known. Mr. Sheldon has trained more successful salesmen than any other man in the world. He knows how to sell goods himself, and he has the ability to impart this knowledge to others.

Doubled Salary

[illegible]

Read what these men who have taken the Sheldon Course say about its value, and what it has actually done for them. Write to them if you wish, and also ask us to give you a list of a score of men in your own section who are equally enthusiastic in their endorsement of the Sheldon School

You may be just starting out for yourself Then you need the Sheldon Course to put you on the right road to success

Mighty Good

The Sheldon Course [illegible] mighty good thing. It has increased my earnings by as much more [illegible] 604 Gumbel Building, Kansas City, Mo.

You may be a clerk, bookkeeper, stenographer, correspondent or professional man. Whatever your vocation, the Sheldon Course will help you to make more out of your position, your profession or your business.

You may be a good salesman now but you can become a better salesman a higher priced salesman, a more successful salesman by following the methods laid out in the Sheldon Course

You may be an employer of salesmen If so, the Sheldon Course will help you get better results from your salesmen and will help your salesmen get better results for you

The cost is trifling compared with the results obtained

Keener Intellect

[illegible] 10th St., Minneapolis, Minn.

Let us send you the book entitled "The Science of Successful Salesmanship." It tells exactly how the Sheldon School teaches the principles of salesmanship by correspondence. It is worth any man's reading whether he wants to take the course or not. It is free for the asking

The Sheldon School

1800 Republic Bldg., Chicago, U. S. A.

The Sheldon School,
1800 Republic Bldg., Chicago

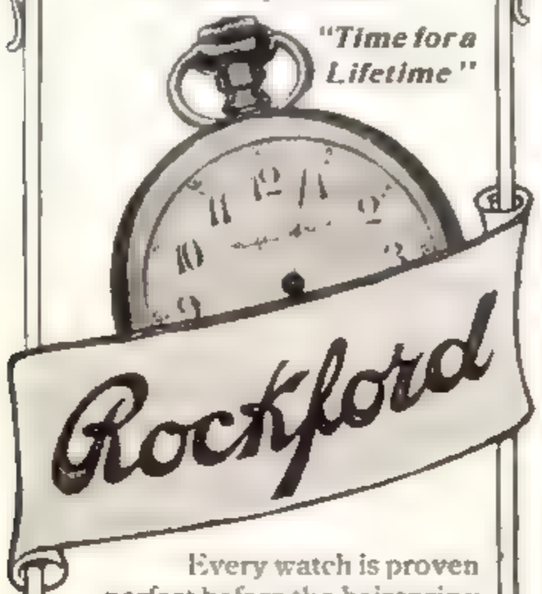
Please send me at your expense the booklet mentioned in this advertisement. I am interested specially in the subjects I have checked below

Salesmanship	Self Development
Ad Writing	System and Costs
Business Logic	Self Education
Business Psychology	Science of Retail
Promotion	Merchandising

Name
Address
Town State
Position Business

TAKE TIME

to investigate the merits of the permanently adjusted, absolutely accurate



Every watch is proven perfect before the hairspring is added, then the adjustment of the balance wheel is made so that it will run correctly in different temperatures and in all positions. Rockford watch adjustment is permanent Absolute accuracy assured.

If your dealer cannot supply you write us and we will send you free a beautiful booklet—"The Flight of Time"—and see that you get a correct watch at a correct price

ROCKFORD WATCH CO.
ROCKFORD, ILL.

Three Links in the Chain of Endorsements Given

PEIRCE SCHOOL

PHILADELPHIA

By America's Great Men

Ex President Grover Cleveland
"In my opinion, the particular type of education aimed at in Peirce School has some important advantages over others."

Ex President Benjamin Harrison:
"The curriculum of Peirce School is eminently practical."

Thomas B. Reed,
Former Speaker of the House of Representatives
"Peirce School has been built up by the necessity of the times. It is not a training school for warriors, or diplomats, or politicians, but for a calling higher than these."

If interested in the success of a young man of young woman send for booklet containing photographs of sixty distinguished Americans who have participated in Peirce Commencements; also ask for the 53d Year Book

L. B. MOFFETT, Director
917-919 Chestnut Street Philadelphia

20th Century Perfect Pencil Pointer

Patented

If your dealer can't supply you we will send one prepaid upon receipt of price. Pencil pointer complete 35 cents, 3 extra blades 4 for 25 cents

THE VAN DE VENTER SPECIALTY MFG. CO.
21 Exchange St Rochester N Y

several publications. The special agent also represents interior daily papers in New York and Chicago.

The successful agency solicitor is usually a man who tries to maintain as broad an outlook over the whole field of production and distribution as a metropolitan editor does over national events and world politics. He likes to talk with traveling salesmen, manufacturers, retail merchants, jobbers, wholesalers, learning what is being produced. He studies every kind of person to get the drift of consumers' opinions and demands. He is interested in processes, raw materials and prices.

An agency solicitor lit a cigar one morning, and the act suddenly reminded him that there was no advertised parlor match. He began that very day to pave the way for an interview with one of the largest match manufacturers. By calling on him? No—let the plug-uglies wear themselves out against that stone wall. By writing him a short letter twice a week for two months, each communication emphasizing some point in advertising. At the end of two months, the match manufacturer knew this solicitor and his agency at least by persistence—a quality much admired in business when it is intelligent. When the solicitor called the manufacturer up by telephone and mentioned his name, an interview was readily given.

Showing Up the Banks

Another solicitor undertook to interest the leading bank in each town of a certain State in advertising. He first collected statistics of deposits for each town, and by comparison with the wages paid in industries at each place, on the assumption that every one ought to bank ten per cent. of his income in prosperous times, demonstrated that the banks were carrying only twenty-five to forty per cent. of what they should have carried. His method of approach was different. He made personal visits, and, without saying anything of advertising at first, took the bankers to task for negligence. In some cases he had literally to talk his way through brass gratings and past tellers. But he always reached the directors' room, and there his statistics made an argument that could not be ignored. When the bankers began to express concern about their missing deposits, then was time enough to talk actual advertising.

This solicitor got into one bank with a signboard so old and weather-beaten that it was nearly unreadable. At the head of this institution—notable for its solidity and surplus—was an old sea-captain who looked so hidebound and conservative that the solicitor's heart sank within him. Waterloo at last! The aged president elevated an ear-trumpet, and for two hours sat stone-faced, immovable, while the solicitor unfolded his facts. In the corner two younger men, the cashier and secretary, tried to throw cold water on the advertising man's arguments, smiling skeptically, nudging one another. Finally, the talk was over, the evidence all in. The old skipper slowly folded his ear-trumpet, stroked his beard in doubt and reflection, and then gave his verdict.

"Johnny," he said to the cashier, "what this young man says seems to be true and very sensible, and we ought to do what he proposes. This afternoon you and he had better work out the details."

That bank proved, in the end, one of the "young man's" best clients in the whole State.

Selling advertising differs from most other lines of salesmanship. The youngster who goes out on the road to sell notions, for instance, has an established trade to visit. When he knows his trade he simply goes round each month among friends—or at least merchants whose characteristics and prejudices he knows. There is a lingo of notions that both know, and it gives a basis upon which to begin doing business. His customers buy notions—have to have them.

But the advertising solicitor has no regular trade. His work carries him among strangers. There is no universal advertising lingo. Many of his "prospects" have made up their minds to buy no advertising—believe in it, but can't afford it. They concede him knowledge about advertising, his own game, but are certain he doesn't know anything about notions. His first task is to prove them wrong.

Paints and Finishes For the Home

The Acme Quality plan makes every housewife, however inexperienced, a practical paint buyer and successful user of paints and finishes for shabby things about the home.

The trademark Acme Quality, covering the world's most complete line of paints, enamels, stains and varnishes, enables you to get the finish made exactly for your purpose, by telling your paint dealer what you wish to do and asking for the proper Acme Quality specialty for that use. The trademark on the can is a guarantee that you have the finest finish obtainable. For competent direction in applying, ask the dealer for the

ACME QUALITY

Textbook on the selection and use of paints and finishes. No matter what the work may be, old or new, on wood or metal, this book will tell you how it should be done.

To rebeautify a bureau, or other piece of furniture, for instance, the chapter on "Refinishing Furniture" explains how you can produce any desired finish. A popular method is to apply *Acme Quality Furniture Varnish* after removing the old varnish with *Acme Quality Paint and Varnish Remover*. The result will be a rich, lustrous, enduring finish.

Dealers have both the finishes and the book. If yours can't supply the book, send his name and we will mail copy free.

Address Dept. Q, ACME WHITE LEAD AND COLOR WORKS, Detroit, Mich.

WHITE & WYCKOFF MFG. CO.
MAKERS OF AUTOCRAT STATIONERY

Write TO Us and FOR Us

SEND for a copy of *The Autocrat of the Writing Table*. It tells how, when and what to write; contains letters of travel, criticism, humor, etc. **5 CASH PRIZES PAID EACH MONTH** for the best letters received. Become a regular contributor. A copy will be mailed FREE if you write on

AUTOCRAT STATIONERY

(the paper that reflects refinement and meets every requirement of social correspondence). If your dealer doesn't have it, send us 25c for sample box of paper and envelopes. Write on *Autocrat Stationery*. If desired we will send free upon request *Autocrat* envelopes and paper. Address

"THE AUTOCRAT," Dept. 122, Care of White & Wyckoff Mfg. Co., Holyoke, Mass.

Add TONE to your stationery in the OFFICE BANK SCHOOL or HOME by using Washburne's Patent

"O. K." Paper Fasteners

There is genuine pleasure in their use as well as perfect security

Handsome Compact Strong

Easily put on or taken off with the thumb and finger. Can be used repeatedly and *they always work*. Made of Brass. Put up in *Brass Boxes of 100 each*. Sizes No. 1 or sample box of 50 assorted sizes. Illustrated descriptive booklet free. All stationers. *Liberal discount to the trade.* 1 B

The O. K. Manufacturing Co., Inc., Dept. F, Syracuse, N.Y.

Good Wages Are Paid To Telegraph Operators

Telegraphy

We teach

Established 35 years

of Telegraphy Janesville Wis.

$250 "SUCCESS" AUTOMOBILE $400

The Original Auto-Buggy

SUCCESS AUTO-BUGGY MFG. CO., Inc., St. Louis, Mo.

Saint Louis School and Museum of Fine Arts

Technical Classes Competently Cover the Field

DRAWING, PAINTING, SCULPTURE, APPLIED ART.—Illustration, Pottery and Bookbinding Courses Pronounced Practical Successes.

Has Grand Prize from International Jury, World's Fair; Has $100,000 a Year from City Taxes for Art Advancement of the West.

Director, HALSEY C. IVES, LL. D.

Next Term Opens September 23. —Write Free Illustrated Handbook—

Earning Money

Any one—man, woman, boy, girl—can do it and no experience is necessary. THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL and THE SATURDAY EVENING POST have made it sure. All you need is faith in yourself. If you think you're going to amount to something, write to

The Curtis Publishing Company
Philadelphia

and get your start now.

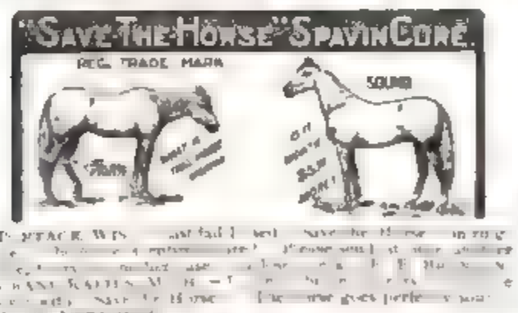
This Remarkable Stove Burns any Fuel

Hard or soft coal, slack, wood or corncobs—I want the kind you've tested with any heater. Then read what others say. We sell to readers at exact direct to you manufacturer's profits. We pay the freight.

Try it at Our Risk

Our 30 day trial offer allows you to test our claims in your own home. Then if you decide you can keep the stove while you investigate this wonderful offer for our catalog, which explains everything, and read the offer.

Diamond Stove Co.,
222 Grand River Avenue, DETROIT, MICH.



$5.00 ... Permanently Cures Spavin, Thoroughpin, Ringbone, Curb, Splint, Capped Hock, Windpuff, Shoe Boil, Injured Tendons and all Lameness ... Troy Chemical Company, Binghamton, N.Y.

Government Positions

41,877 Appointments ... the past year. Excellent opportunities for ... containing full information about all government examinations, and questions recently used by the Civil Service Commission.

Columbian Correspondence College, Washington, D.C.

THE "BEST" LIGHT

MAKES ... power ... Better than Electricity or Gas. Agents wanted. ... for catalog. Do not delay.

THE BEST LIGHT CO.
5-25 E. 5th St., Canton, Ohio

PATENTS

PROPERLY PROCURED

Write for our handsome new book. Full information.

Bevans & Bevans, Room 602 Colorado Bldg., Washington, D.C.

No Matter Whether You Are a Farmer or Not

Write for This Free Book

—Tells All About the Fortunes Being Made on

Canada Wheat Farm Lands

The Heart of the Great Wheat Belt
100 Page Illustrated FREE BOOK on Saskatchewan Canada Farmland
Read About Sas-kat-che-wan.

300,000 People Going. Only 50 Miles from U.S.

Cheaper Than Homesteads—On Railroads—Fine Land Investments—Best Neighbors

If you are even half way dissatisfied with working hard on a farm in the United States for small returns—if you want to read about the *greatest land of promise* in America and *actual results in dollars*—or if you want to read about what thousands of others are doing—*just write for this interesting, illustrated free book*, sent postage paid anywhere *to you*. Tells about opportunities in

Sas-kat-che-wan

The Heart of the Great Wheat Belt

—Tells **how** and **why** you can go to Sas-kat-che-wan **easily**—or stay at home and rent your land there by investing only a **little** money.

—Tells you all about others' experiences with letters from happy people who have made their best start in life and fortune by going to Sas-kat-che-wan or buying fine wheat lands there.

—Tells you all about the Soil, big crops of Ax Wheat, Barley and Oats raised there—the easy to get to markets—the Climate—the splendid railroad facilities—the elevators—the great water supply and the invigorating climate.

—Tells why over 150,000 people went to Canada last year and why over 300,000 are going this year—about your neighbors, mostly Americans, with some thrifty Swedes and Germans.

—Tells you why it pays you better to take a 160-acre quarter section Wheat Farm here instead of a homestead way off from the railroad and market.

—Tells you our easy terms to get the best land at low prices per acre.

—Tells you how you get **your title direct from** the Canadian Government.

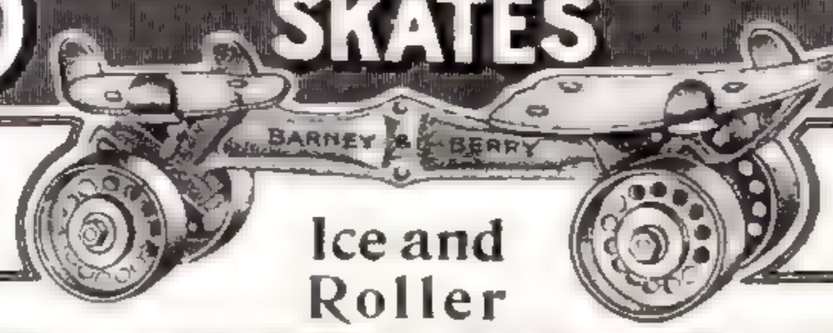
—Tells you all about us—with bank references—and all about our **500,000 Acres of Farms in Sas-kat-che-wan.**

—Tells **all** facts, with **pictures** and **maps**, which will **interest** you and make you glad you wrote for our **FREE BOOK** and **terms** and **prices** for this wonderful land.

—Just write us a postal card or letter—Now. Let us send you our interesting **Free Book** to read so you can **Prove** for yourself what we tell you here and hundreds of other facts. It will pay you well to read this book. Write today. Address

Saskatoon & Western Land Co. Ltd., 431 Main St., Winnipeg, Manitoba

BARNEY & BERRY SKATES



Ice and Roller

SKATING is the most healthful and fascinating form of exercise known. In selecting your skates, see that you are securing the speed, safety and *speed*. These essential qualities are combined in

BARNEY & BERRY ROLLER SKATES

THEY are made from picked cold rolled spring steel, with ... steel cones and large ... ball bearings. ... wheels ... of rubber tempered ...

Barney & Berry Skates ... cost little ... than the common kinds but they look better, wear longer and are much faster than any other skate made. Make up your mind to have *Barney & Berry Skates* at home. Send for *Free Illustrated Roller Skate Catalog*.

... dealer has them ... can be ordered for you. ... we ship direct.

BARNEY & BERRY, Makers of Ice and Roller Skates, 111 BROAD ST., SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

WEDDING INVITATIONS

100 for $3.50

Announcements etc., engraved ... Visiting Cards ...

The Estabrook Press, 181 S. Tremont Street, Boston

KODAK FILM

Finished Promptly by Experts. One roll developed and twelve ... Velox Prints from best negatives, returned postpaid, 50c. with ...

ROBERT JOHNSTON,
Kodaks and Supplies, Expert Photo-Finishing,
12 North Main St., Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

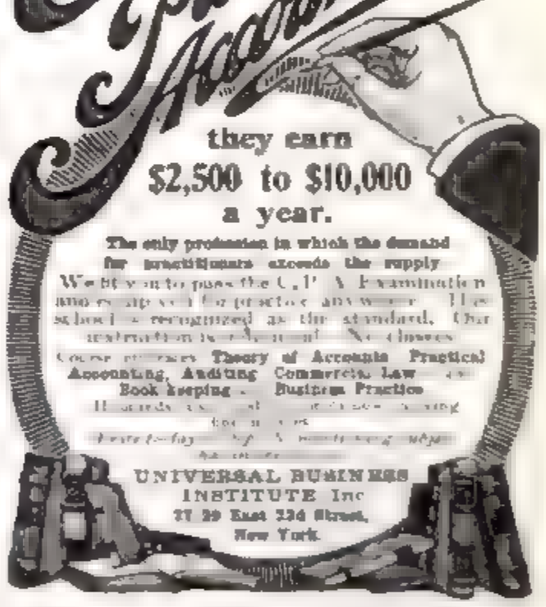
5% ON DEPOSITS BY MAIL

Please write to our Banking by Mail Department at once for our free booklet "J," which explains our method of dividing profits with depositors to whom we have paid an average rate of 5% per annum for 37 years, and who have shown their confidence in us by entrusting over one million dollars to our care.

ESTAB. 1871

OWENSBORO SAVINGS BANK & TRUST CO.
CAPITAL & SURPLUS A QUARTER OF A MILLION DOLLARS
JAS. H. PARRISH, Pres't. OWENSBORO, KY.

LEARN BY MAIL BE A Certified Public Accountant



they earn $2,500 to $10,000 a year.

The only profession in which the demand for practitioners exceeds the supply. We ... to pass the C.P.A. Examination and ... to practice anywhere. Has school ... recognized as the standard. Our instruction is ... Course covers Theory of Accounts, Practical Accounting, Auditing, Commercial Law, Book-keeping, Business Practice. ... Write to-day. ...

UNIVERSAL BUSINESS INSTITUTE, Inc.
27-29 East 23d Street, New York

Fay-Sholes Typewriters

½ Price and Less

Salesman's Samples, Shop Worns, Second Hands—ALL GOOD

A clean sweep of everything in stock not absolutely NEW

FAY-SHOLES, 287 Broadway, N.Y.

"HOW TO REMEMBER"

Stop Forgetting

You are no greater intellectually than your memory ...

DICKSON MEMORY SCHOOL, 933 The Auditorium, CHICAGO

PATENT YOUR IDEAS

$100,000 for one invention ... $8,500 ... How to Obtain a Patent" ... "What to Invent" sent free. ... Patent Obtained or Fee Returned.

CHANDLEE & CHANDLEE, Patent Att'ys.
951 F. Street, Washington, D.C.

Amateur Photographers

For 25c. We will make from your film, and mount ready to frame a magnificent 8x10 enlargement worth one dollar. Films developed 25c. per doz. Velox prints, mounted 5c each. Photo Dept.

JUDGE & DOLPH DRUG CO., 810 OLIVE ST., ST. LOUIS, MO.

Paint Now!

The cold, wet Spring was a great disappointment as a painting season. Many postponed the work

Late Summer or early Fall is in some respects the best season of all for painting. No frost or moisture to ruin the paint film

But read our book first. 38 pages beautifully illustrated, full of plain facts and money-saving suggestions. Two pages at the back advertising our Pure White Lead.

"Your book has proved very valuable," writes one property owner, and we have received many letters in the same vein.

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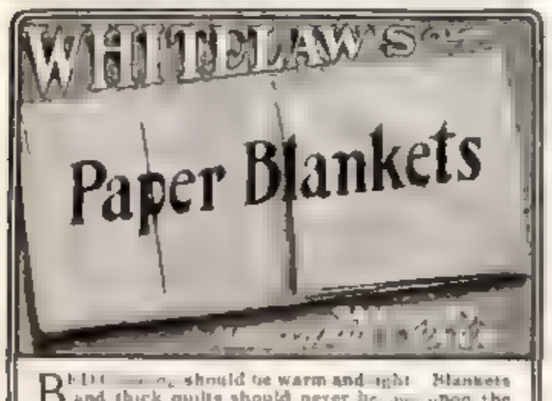

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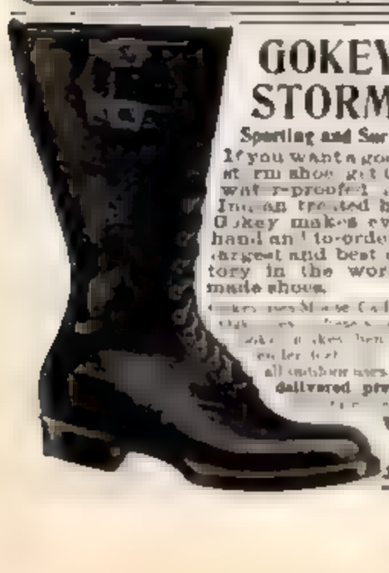

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A CLEAR FIELD

(Continued from Page 14)

it dangerous? And I don't think any one else is going in from here."

"It will be all right once I'm on the train. I'll take a cab when I get to town," asserted Philip.

"Well, good-night!" she said, looking at him anxiously before she went. Something lay upon his sleeve—one of the long-stemmed, green-leaved roses that she had worn. It kept him company that night, in which he did not sleep, although he knew that vigil did not help his straining eyes.

He ate his breakfast alone the next morning. It was a brilliant day, with an intoxicating breeze and a blaze of sunshine that made him wince, and blotted out the whole world for an instant, as he fumbled with the catch of the gate. He had forgotten, in timing himself, that he couldn't hurry. He swore under his breath with vicious intensity, and then caught himself up as Constant Hallowell ran down the path and her quick fingers found the catch.

"I'm going to put you on the train," she announced professionally. "You haven't much time to lose! Take my elbow as you did the other night. There!"

There was no time for conversation as they ran. More than all the moonlit solitude, or their communion by the brookside, this early morning nearness seemed the most intimate thing possible. He only spoke once to tell her briefly not to give him so much of the path, for the long grass was too wet for her, and to call out, "Thank you; good-by; I'll be back at noon," as he stood on the steps of the last car. She didn't know, though he did, that after to-day he was to drop fathoms deep out of her life. He began to have the spent, languid feeling of the sick man—he felt that she had known it, and had looked at him anxiously from time to time. He wouldn't have the strength to keep his infirmity to himself much longer, any more than he would have strength to withstand her compassion much longer. When he got back again to-day, he would pack up his things and go to the house of his sister, although she was in Europe. Nay, why go back to The Nook at all? He could send for his things. The stabbing thought came next that he had never even heard her sing!

The life and stir in town were in a way diverting. He had a good deal to do, and even in his worst, most blinding moments, he managed to get along somehow. There was a feeling that he must store up everything he saw, to draw on in those days when he was to be walled in entirely—withdrawn from life. He went to the bank and drew out a large sum of money. The possession of money made one feel more prepared, stronger for what might happen. Doctor Warren, the oculist, would be back now, he found, in a week.

He took a fierce satisfaction in ordering more flowers for Constant, and chocolates, and a couple of new books. His errands took him past the optician's, for whom he felt a strong aversion. He could see the dark form of that jewel-eyed, unsympathetic assistant through the plate-glass window, even now bending perfunctorily toward a customer. Philip hurried past the shop on his return to his cab, which was blocked a little farther down, only to hear his name called as he had his foot on the step.

"Mr. Johnson! Mr. Johnson!"

"Why, Mr. Stein!" said Philip, as, turning in surprise, he almost fell into the arms of a hatless, bushy-haired, gray-bearded man with enormous gold-rimmed spectacles. Mr. Stein's body, narrow, stoop-shouldered and wiry, seemed merely an accessory to his lionlike head and the shrewdness of his small eyes and kindly, puckered mouth. He laid hands on Philip now. "My dear sir, come with me back! Hein! I have been telephoning all over the country for you. No results—and now you are about to pass me, already yet! My letter did not reach you?"

"Why, no," said Philip, taking the chair to which the old man had hurried him perforce through the shop, stationing him at one of the small tables below the barometers. Mr. Stein planted himself in the little chair exactly opposite, his knees touching Philip's as he leaned forward and chipped off Philip's glasses neatly, holding them up to the light, and wiping them off with one of the pieces of tissue-paper on the table, before looking through them again, with little snorts and mutterings. His body seemed to shrink and become of less and

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less value, a merely unimportant accessory to that wonderful bushy head and fathoming intelligence. His eyes pierced Philip, as he said:

"You did not get my letter? So. You haf been wearing the wrong glasses. My nephew, he mixed them. The gentleman who got your glasses, he haf a very strong 'stigmatism—he brought them back last night. I do not know how you see with these."

"I *haven't* been seeing!" cried Philip indignantly. His anger flamed forth. "My eyes have been entirely chewed up; I thought I was going blind. I don't know but what they have ruined my eyesight, anyway."

Mr. Stein puckered his lips and waved his hand. "No, no! They are strain', of course—but they get all right again. You are near-sighted, very, but your eyes are strong; they are very strong—they are very strong. Now, put on these," he tendered another pair to Philip. "That's a different thing, hein? These fool boys, they ruin my beesness! You bathe your eyes in some hot water and sit out-of-doors where it's green and quiet, and rest them two—three days, and you will be all right. Now, don't you let any one scare you about your eyes; I look after you. You do your work, and I look after your eyes—hein?"

"Yes," said Philip. Heavens! what a difference those accustomed lenses made to his orbs, now that the other accursed pair were gone. They were like a healing touch after that darkening, wavering blur that had sickened him bodily, but even that was nothing to the relief of that healing touch to the mind. He tore along with a swift, swinging stride, with a joy in the sureness of his step that made mere life itself a revel. People turned in the street that day to look at Philip; he seemed the embodiment of strength and joyfulness of heart—and he laughed with delight in the face of the world.

It was still early when he got out of the train which shuffled in at the little station, and, before it went bustling out again, gave long whistling shrieks to tell every one that the one-fifty-five had come. As he took the path to The Nook, Philip breathed in, as never before, that intensely vivifying atmosphere that is part of a not-too-warm summer's day at two o'clock in the afternoon, when there are few people out, but every insect chirps and drones or buzzes; when the wayside grass and weeds are sunned down to the very heart of things, and send out an indescribable warmth of perfume, and the open fields and the blue, open heavens give a free openness of heart. There is a sense of beauty, and a dear, natural, earthly yet heavenly longing that is in itself a sort of bridal of earth and spirit. The beauty of the day, the hour, seemed somehow like Constant's. Yet, as he strode easily along, a new thought suddenly called him to a halt—in another moment the turn of the road would bring him within sight of The Nook. That long whistle of the train—if she had heard that—would she possibly be on the lookout for him? And if she saw him like this—if he didn't *need* her, how much would he get of her? Oh, in time, he swore to himself, he would get all, all—but without that strong plea of weakness it would take a hard fight! He wasn't afraid of the outcome; if he wanted, he'd have! But the time, he grudged that! It would take time to warm her glinting iciness. She could be almost unbelievably difficult.

He went on slowly and yet more slowly, meeting the rush of another thought, a smile growing at the corners of his mouth. What if he did not tell her of the change? *That* thought drove all else before it. Some foretaste of triumph had gone to his head—the very sharpness of his self-denial before seemed to make this soft deception allowable now. Oh, she should forgive him—afterward! Who was he, to forego when he needn't?

As he turned the corner, he looked up; Constant Hallowell was gazing down the path. The conventional cut of her white frock couldn't disguise the lovely lines of her figure as she leaned forward into the sunlight that rayed her shining hair. Perhaps it was because his eyes were fixed upon her that he stumbled slightly. The next instant she had run to him, smiling with relief.

"I was so afraid something had happened to you," she said, and slipped his thrilling hand around the curve of her arm.

Oh, if she did not know why her cheeks flushed a little, *he* did!

(THE END)

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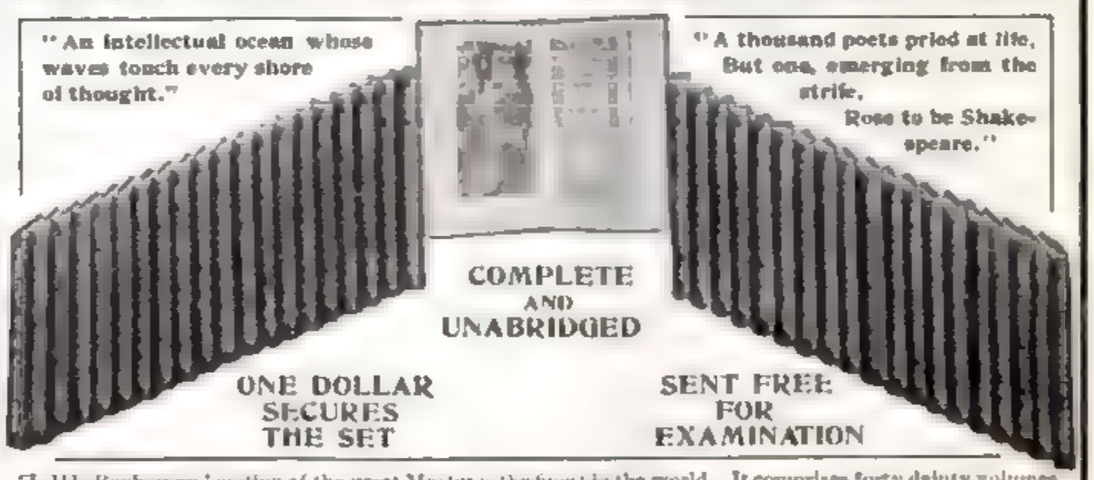

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BROWNE, OF BOSTON

(Continued from Page 7)

in motion and all being run on two generators. They're climbing up over the hills to supper now, and they won't roast you in the morning papers, Mr. Connaughton. If they're decent, they'll give us a good word for this night's work."

He felt that the new Number Two was almost paying its way.

Old Jim smiled for the first time in a harrowing day, as he leaned over the row of shining dials brightly lighted by a row of green-shaded incandescent lamps.

"Ye're all right, Winthrop," said he, "even if you was a young fool to come out here on this night in such shape." He peered closer over the needles that indicated so much. "What's this boy dropping back for, Browne?" he asked sharply.

Winthrop Browne was in his comfortable office-chair and nearly in a drowse. His arm pained him a great deal. His exposure had done it no good. He was very weak and very tired from lack of sleep. His office was hot and stuffy, but he heard Connaughton's question and was awake in a moment, and up at the switchboard.

"What's this?" he ejaculated. "Something's to the bad again!"

Donnelly came running into the place from the engine-room.

"That Corliss won't ever stand an overload strain," he told the two men. "She went out at less than 3500."

Connaughton now faced Browne sharply. This was a time for measures, not scoldings.

"How long will it take to get her in shape to cut in again?" he asked.

"Twelve hours. She's worn out, at the best."

"How are you going to carry the load with one engine?"

Browne did not answer his chief. Instead he turned quickly to Donnelly and began giving orders.

"Keep the power as even as you can all over the system," he said; "but try and give folks that are getting home the best chance. Don't tie up any line more'n five minutes if you can help it. Then jam all your boilers and your steam into the Number Two. She's got to do the trick."

Again the turbine was equal to the emergency. Slowly her needle turned until it reached 15,000, and then Browne shouted through the tube to Donnelly:

"That'll do. You hold her nozzle up to that and we'll turn the trick. We've got every car moving again, and we'll keep them moving as long as you give us the pressure. We'll pull through all right over the peak load."

Connaughton was too delighted with the way that Bloomfield Street was handling the traffic—and with a single engine, at that—to talk. He sat and breathlessly watched the indicators, watched the cars go up the hill, and Bloomfield Street caught the peak load alone, praying that nothing should happen to Browne's baby. It was almost 6:30, and in another half-hour the load would be lessening.

But after a time the needle dipped back again, and Donnelly shouted up the tube so loudly that Connaughton, who stood away from the ear-piece, could plainly hear each word:

"Can't keep her up to the notch, Mr. Browne. Those old service-pipes are giving under the strain. You'd better come out here."

And then Browne, who was beginning to be drowsy again and was giving way to the incessant pain his arm gave him, hurried to the engine-room, while Connaughton followed after him. An increasing cloud of hot, white vapor, that gathered under the high ceiling of the place, told the story. Consolidated had refused new piping from boilers to engine when it placed the new unit in the old station, and the weakest part of the organism just now under such terrific strain was giving way.

He called to two of the stokers, and they brought him two high horses from staging at the rear of the place, planks and ladders, and built him a rough platform, in less time than it takes to tell, right beneath the steampipe's worst leak. Then Winthrop Emerson Browne, with a helpless and broken arm, led his workers up to the belching pipe, threw blankets and sacking over the faulty joint, and called for a section of cable.

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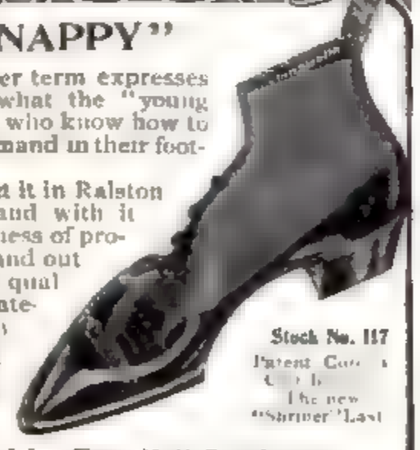

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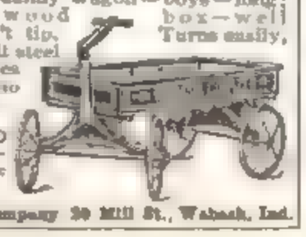

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"But that cable won't hold five minutes with that 'ere pipe jerkin' that way," said one of the men. He was pessimistic over the situation.

"We'll throw it over this sacking, bring it under and make a twist-knot that the French call a tourniquet. I know, because they used it on my arm to keep me from bleeding to death, when I fell off that other staging. Then give me a broomstick as a hand-lever, and I'll hold that packing against any pressure that you folks can put in the old boilers."

"I'll hold it, Mr. Browne," said one of the stokers.

"You'll go back and get on the fires," were his orders. "We can only spare the cripples for holding leaks this night."

When the men came down from the temporary staging Connaughton only had a vague idea what Browne had done and why he stayed up under the ceiling of the engine-room. But he did see the steam-cloud decrease again, and finally, through it, the indistinct figure of a man, flat on his back beneath a great pipe, holding down the fort.

The needles in Browne's empty office leaped forward again, outside in the stormy night the cars were still tugging up Tremont's great hills, getting tired folk home to supper and to bed. Up under the dirty ceiling of the engine-room at Bloomfield Street, Winthrop Emerson Browne, of Consolidated, was doing his part, holding on to a hot and dirty steampipe, while Jim Connaughton hopelessly shouted to him to come down and quit being a young fool. But the only man that Browne heeded was Donnelly.

"How's she doing?" he would call down to him every few minutes.

"Grand. We're still on the peak and every wheel on the line's turning," would come echoing up from the engine-room floor.

"Thank God!" Browne would whisper aloud, and then he would take a new grip on his emergency valve and press it tighter than before. He could not really press it tighter than before, but something in the exertion made him think less of his arm, sometimes wondering if they would have to take it off after this night's work. It was hot, and that was good for Browne's arm, as any surgeon will tell you. It was baking hot, and it is always well to bake a fracture. It must have been 150 degrees hot up under that ceiling and steampipe, and Browne had no free hand to free his face from dripping oil and water. He would have cried aloud from the pain his arm gave him but for his determination to stick it out until the end that could not be far off now.

"How about it, Donnelly?" he shouted again.

"Still on the peak! We're doing the trick," came Donnelly's voice, fainter than ever before.

Then Browne realized that he must be growing faint, and he took hold with a tighter grip than before. He was muscular and his good arm had a good hold, but how tiring it was all becoming! Each moment seemed harder than its predecessor. Finally Donnelly came rushing up the ladder, shouting:

"What's the trouble, Mr. Browne? I've been calling to you for ten minutes and you don't answer. We're off the peak load, and the Edison people are cutting a lot of more juice, anyway. Hilltop barns just 'phoned in that they're taking off the runs, and Edison people say that they can run our late-at-night business and ——"

But Browne did not hear him. He was dreaming—dreaming that the twelve-inch plank was a deep, soft bed, and that he was holding on to eternal life with a steel-cable tourniquet, broomstick as handle. When he awoke from that dream, the bed was soft, and old Jim Connaughton, immaculately dressed as was his wont, was standing silhouetted over against the light of the window.

"Are we off the peak yet?" he asked, with a faint smile, and then he smiled more, for his arm, still tightly bandaged against his nightshirt, had ceased paining him.

But no one smiled in answer. There was a woman beside the nurse in a dark corner, who he was sure was his mother, but Jim Connaughton replied to him by putting finger to lip in token of silence.

"Let him talk," came orders from behind him. "He is out of it now."

"Away off the peak, my boy," laughed Connaughton, "as the professor says I can talk to ye. While you was dreamin' we rigged up a great temporary plant, a lot of

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There was a large white card attached to the stem, and Browne shyly took the pasteboard and to himself read:

"Miss Mary Blakeley. Congratulations to Consolidated's new chief engineer."

"Consolidated's chief engineer?" he repeated. "I don't understand."

Connaughton explained.

"Simple enough," said he. "You bet your job against old man Kelsey's on the success of your machine, and you won. We've given the old fellow an easier bunk, and now you're it. We're going to give you a spell to get well, and then we're going to give you a chance to plan a station down at Beverly Docks that will be nothing but boilers and a string of them turbines, for we're going to rip out all the cable roads this time, and make you tote the double-truckers up the eight per cent. grades. You can do it, Winthrop. I'd bank on you every time. An' when you've finished Beverly Docks, I'm going to take a step forward, and you're to have my job."

"Then it was you—you who told her, Mr. Connaughton?" asked Browne.

"I couldn't bear to think of you're letting as nice a girl as that get away from you," he hesitatingly explained. "So I sent her some nosegays with your card and your new title on it. You see, Winthrop, a man has always time to give to the winning of a nice girl. He will never sink his kite with a good woman to guide it."

But then the doctor told Connaughton that he had talked enough, and Connaughton knew that he had talked too much; so there was a perfect silence as Browne drifted into a restful and untroubled sleep.

THE FRENCH SITUATION

(Concluded from Page 15)

But the French people are not alarmed. They feel that no great harm can come from ejecting from control of the navy the prototypes of the Paty du Clams, whom the republic ejected from control of the army.

Further, the democratic republic is reorganizing education throughout France, both civil and military, both for male and for female, for rich and for poor, into a modern reality instead of a mediæval ghost. Finally, it is putting upon the statute-books democratic laws tending toward equal justice and equal opportunity, and anticipating all that is just and practical and pressing in socialist criticism of existing conditions. And the church will presently be the stronger and the purer, that it no longer depends upon the state.

The aristocrats still plot and dream in the old salons of the Faubourg. They still sneer through their journalistic toadies of the fashionable, cultured press and their literary toadies of the Academy. But their day is done. The republic fears them no longer. It does not wish to be fashionable; it wishes only to be just. And in the Presidential chair, as successor to the democrat Loubet, sits the democrat Fallières, son of a blacksmith, preferring a walk with his wife on one arm and his old umbrella on the other to a drive in a carriage and four.

Paris—the Paris we Americans know—does not like the change. Being milliner and dressmaker and jeweler, and most resourceful of panderers to luxurious parasites, it naturally prefers aristocracy, which ever stands for show and splurge and prodigal waste. But the Paris of the Rue de la Paix no longer rules France. To-day, in France, Frenchmen rule—the Frenchmen who make the French people more like us in all the essentials than any other great people on earth. For these Frenchmen of the provinces, and of the Paris beyond the fashionable district, are republican and democratic, are believers in the dignity of work and the disgrace of idleness, in equality of opportunity that the really best may have the leadership. The republic is no mere sufferance; it is a splendid actuality. And the son of a blacksmith where once sat wanton royal parasites is no mere symbol of a democratic aspiration, but is typical and representative.

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